



Bryant tries it again

This time, London, Ontario.

A feast of fiction

Critic George Whitmore takes a look at what's being dished up this season.

FAGGOTS

A NOVEL BY
LARRY
KRAMER

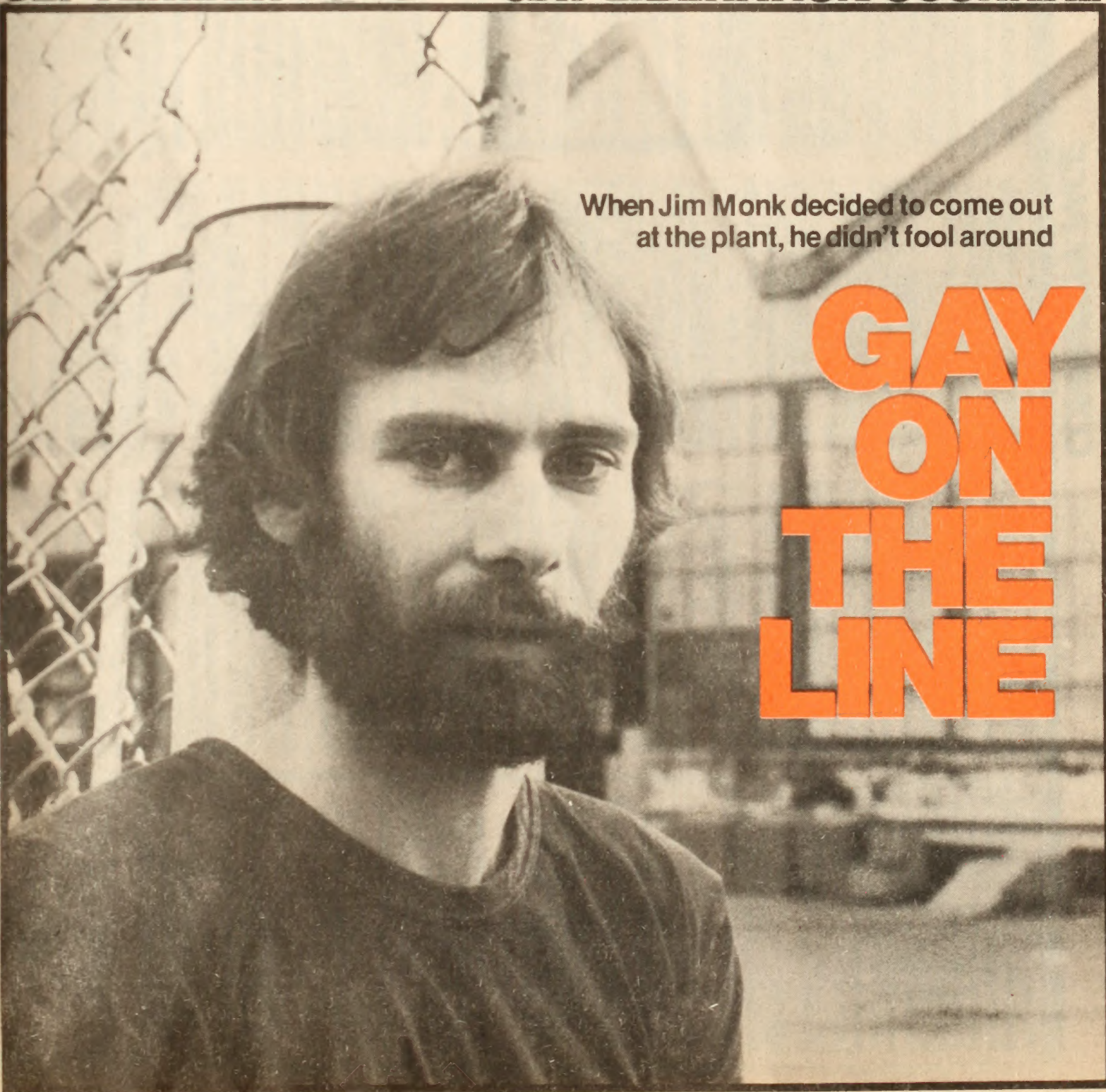
Radclyffe Hall fifty years on

The Well of Loneliness caused judicial apoplexy in 1928. But things are different today, right?



THE Body Politic ^{\$1}

SEPTEMBER 78 GAY LIBERATION JOURNAL



When Jim Monk decided to come out at the plant, he didn't fool around

GAY ON THE LINE

GAY ON THE LINE

Jim Monk was just "one of the guys" at the Chrysler engine plant in Windsor. Then he decided to have a little chat with the editor of the union paper. Coming out in the belly of the beast.

by Gerald Hannon



There is blood on the street in Windsor. There is a man running, drug-panicked, half blind with the fear that is pumping his life out through the jagged tear in his wrist. Someone is running behind him, closing in; someone who phones the cops when the body lurches to the ground outside a Submarine Sandwich shop, who gets told by the ambulance driver that in another 10 minutes "the guy would have been a goner."

I didn't see Jim leave. Like everyone else at the Ritz, Windsor's only gay bar, I got swept up in the excitement and confusion when one of the windows exploded in a dazzling shower of glass. Someone had put his fist through it. No one knew who. Jim followed the sound of running feet, followed the blood on the

street and back at the Ritz things got normal pretty fast; the juke box blasted out the latest disco, David, the lithe black bartender (whose *nom de guerre* is "Her Majesty Queen of the Ritz, Victoria Regina Duwala-wala") swept through the crowd with balletic grace and endless good humour, while headwaiter Norman moved through it all as sedately as is possible in a gold lamé shirt open to the ravel.

It's what you call a mixed crowd. There are a lot of women, there are older men, hustlers, there are guys who look under-age, there are blacks, there are men who look like auto plant workers. And are. There will be another clatter of broken glass later that evening (just a few draft glasses this time), and a fight that sends two grappling bodies careening into the juke box. Jim will help break it up.

I'm told it was a rough night, even for the Ritz.

This is about Jim Monk. It is a little about me. It is about your Father's House. And leaving it. And maybe finding your way back.

He's 26. There are fine lines around the eyes already though, and he exudes the kind of quiet good sense a friend of mine would describe as "matoor." He's paying off a mortgage on a bungalow on a family-type residential street in the Italian section of Windsor. He owns a car. He operates a semi-automatic lathe in the crankshaft department in the Chrysler engine plant.

He grew up in this town, the snotty-nosed kid from the housing development on (quite literally) the wrong side of the tracks who just happened to be brighter than most of the smart-assed

Kids with daddies at the university, and mothers who didn't always look tired and who could cook.

"We always ate at their houses — those kids never came to my house for supper. It was nicer at their place — cleaner and quieter." We're talking in the front room of that mortgaged bungalow, around the table with a couple of beers (they were my idea), Jim in T-shirt and outlofts, thinking back twenty years.

"I was raised a Jehovah's Witness — it gave me a view of myself as an outsider. In this world, I went to five meetings a week for ten years; on weekends and Wednesday evenings I went from door to door selling Watchtowers and bibles; I was active from the age of four to fourteen, was taught public speaking, gave sermons, speeches..."

Continued on page 24

Editorials

What's next? Ask Mr Sims

Last issue in this editorial space, we noted that the latest issue of the New York gay magazine, *Christopher Street*, had been stopped at the border by Customs officers. The grounds on which Customs officers are allowed to stop just about anything he (or, rarely, she) chooses — was beginning to get frighteningly broad. *Christopher Street*, we felt, should have had about as much trouble with Customs as *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Except, of course, for the fact that *Christopher Street* is a gay magazine. Only half in jest, we asked, "What's next?"

We're beginning to get some idea.

The American film *Word Is Out* is playing in Toronto right now. It is a well-made, serious film that has drawn favourable reviews wherever it has played. It consists entirely of interviews with gay people — all of them clothed. There are no sex scenes. If we remember correctly, there is a brief scene in which two men hold hands for a short period.

Nonetheless, *Word Is Out* has been given a "Restricted" rating by the Ontario Film Censor Board. The film can be seen here only by those who are 18 years of age and older.

We called the Censor Board to find out why. (Be warned — this can be a futile effort since, like Customs officers, the provincial censors are not obliged to explain their curious logic to ordinary citizens.) In this case, Chairman Donald Sims told us that he himself had not seen the film, but that "Restricted" ratings are usually given if a film is characterized by "sex, violence or bad language."

There is no sex, in *Word Is Out*. There is no violence. There is no "bad language." But there is sexuality. *Outs*.

The theme of *Word Is Out* is that gay is good, satisfying, exhilarating, joyous; that the closet is a stultifying, murderous place to be, and that there are forces working to make this simple truth for you.

For the censors it seems the theme was enough. The same was true for *Pretty Baby*, Louis Malle's film on a turn-of-the-century child prostitute in New Orleans. There were no scenes of sex or violence or "bad language" that would have unduly offended contemporary community standards. But the theme was disastrous. *Pretty Baby* had broken a taboo, had dared to mention the unmentionable. The censors didn't bother snipping away at it — they banned it altogether.

In 1928, the *Will of Lonesome* was banned on the same grounds (see page 22 of this issue). "The prosecution had simply argued that because the book had an obscene theme, it must be obscene itself." Fifty years later we're still being plagued by the same kind of logic.

Word Is Out breaks a taboo as well. It says that gay is beautiful, that you should come out, that you injure something real and valuable in yourself if you don't. The censors didn't show their hand by banning it altogether, but they did do the next best thing. They kept it from the people who could most benefit from its message: the youth, the next generation for whom growing up gay and healthy or straight and unbalanced depends upon positive messages like this one.

Censorship by theme goes beyond the censors' official mandate to protect our sensitive minds from "sex, violence and bad language" (ridiculous as even that goal is). It is clear that we are now being told that we can't be shown, but what can be said, what can't be examined. What can't be thought.

What's next? Just another little step backwards, and then another, and another. The censors take a silence to mean consent, and as long as we're quiet they'll keep right on pushing until, with the last little step, we find our backs up against the wall.

The address of the Ontario Board of Censors is 1075 Millwood Road, Toronto, Ontario M4G 1X6. Their telephone number is (416) 421-2462.

Ask for Mr Sims. □

This Issue

Duck soup

Production of the September 1978 issue of *The Body Politic* has been accompanied by a lot of joking around the office about it being a "lame duck" number. This is the last issue of *TBP* which will appear in the current format. Beginning next month the paper becomes a newspaper in magazine with a larger cover and more pages. Details appear on the back cover of this issue.

The September issue, however, tailed to come together all by itself, leaving us free to run off and play with new typesets and design ideas. The lame duck still had some kick; it demanded attention and got it, though it had to compete not only with plans for the next issue but also with preparations for Toronto's Gaydays celebration, close calls with heat prostration and near insanity at constant exposure to a summer playing merrily all day just outside the window. Summer is like that.

The collective pushing up with all of this (with better cheer than this might indicate) was also smaller than in the past. David Gibson, who first joined *TBP* at the beginning of 1976, had left Toronto to study at Yale University. His skills to say nothing of his remarkable grace and charm will be sorely missed, as will those of Merry Walker, another member of long standing, who moved to Vancouver a month earlier.

Also departing this month is Judith Crews, who has faithfully served in her "Tapestry" column every month for more than a year. Judith regrets her inability to continue; we regret her loss. Our thanks to her for her work, and best wishes. □

Letters

The communist and the prostitute

Toronto has just been treated to something called "Gaydays" — a five-day extravaganza beginning with a political speech and ending with free watermelon.

The self-appointed organizers of the game have seen fit to invite two US speakers, current "stars" of the Movement. They are David Thorstad, a communist, and John Rechy, a prostitute. Thorstad was one of the people who, in the early 70's, to infiltrate and take over the gay movement and turn it into a puppet-show with the Trotskyite

SWP pulling the strings. When this didn't work, Thorstad broke with the SWP but has never spoken candidly about the Party take-over attempt, or his part in it. Instead, he chooses to smear all those whose politics he disagrees with — especially anarchists and libertarians, whom he calls, in the time-honoured Marxist way, "fascists." I was the target of one such attack in the pages of Boston's *GCN*.

As for John Rechy, this self-described "revolutionary" who finds sex especially enjoyable if he can convince himself he is being paid for it, spends an inordinate amount of time in his recent, badly-written book *The Sexual Outlaw* slandering guys who enjoy S & M sex.

Rechy uses remarkably similar language and arguments against S & Mers to those used by Anita Bryant against gays. Rechy apparently "debated" with John Leach on S & M. Though John Leach is very sensible on the subject, I find this subject as off as offensive as those chummy little television chats in which two gays defend their right to exist against two bigots. The whole circus presided over by a cheery, sympathetic, and usually moronic referee.

As well as being an anarchist and an S & M'er, I also happen to run a small publishing house specializing in gay books. It seemed to me that people attending "Gaydays" might like to buy some of the titles we published — perhaps books by Canadian gay authors like A. E. Lacey and Graham Jackson. But the Gaydays organizers told me that would be impossible. It seems the police would not approve.

Gaydays? No thanks!
Ian Young
Toronto

Gordon Montford, of *Liberated Energy* (Gaydyes organizing committee) replies: Ian's letter is graciously and selflessly, I hope he'll be better for it. Once again, we invite him to attend all Gaydyes events and to display his books at the fair.

David Thorstad replies:

1) I first joined a gay organization, the Gay Activists' Alliance, in 1974. Within a year, I was elected its president, by members who were for the most part sympathetic to socialism. Where's the problem? I was elected to the executive of a liberation after I quit the Socialist Workers' Party in December 1973. 2) During the early 70s, the SWP was very active in gay liberation. I was involved in gay liberation as it could. It played no role in the movement at all. Its refusal to actively support gay liberation was one of the reasons I quit the party. Only in the past year has the party begun to involve itself, but still without a revolutionary position. There never was any attempt at take-over then, and there is none now.

3) No one has been more candid about his/her political ideology, history and positions than I. I am known this. In 1976 I self-published, without the SWP's permission, a book on its conservatism, a book of internal SWP documents never before made public (*Gay Liberation and Socialism: Documents from the Discussions on Gay Liberation inside the SWP — 1972-1973*). This book documents the SWP's authoritarian position in the early 70s. My records show that on July 26, 1976, I sent me a cheque for a copy, making him one of the first ten people to buy my book. The book proves that Ian's charge is pure fantasy. 4) Generally like anarchists. I consider myself instinctually to be one. I think Marxism and anarchism go hand in hand, though they differ on methods for achieving the free society both want. I do not support the Libertarian Party because it is a pro-capitalist party. As an anarchist, I am proud to be a socialist's hostility to capitalism. Does he? 5) I have never called Ian a fascist. I have never called anarchists fascists. Even in the *GCN* interview (April 8, 1978), I did not call the Libertarian Party fascist. (For more on this subject, see *GCN* letters column, April 29, 1978).

Now, a question: whose interests are served by Ian's red-baiting?

Theway it is

Michael Lynch interviews the interview with John Lee, the author of *Outing Sex*, with a question (*TBP*, June/July). He asks whether the tone of the book is condescending.

I certainly did not find it condescending. I thought Lee reported and accurately the scene the way it is. In contrast to Lynch who spoke of the scene the way he would like it to be. Lee's work as a sociologist seems consistent with him, ie, a piece of descriptive research.

Even at this stage, homosexuals seem to be ahead of heterosexuals in providing guilt-free recreational sex. In this respect Lee's book seems valid.
Graham Spence
Brooklyn, ON

Michael Lynch replies: Lee's "descriptive research" seems to me skewed by his stress on hunters and their prey, something far more typical of heterosexual cruising than is the mutual respect and tolerance in gay male culture now. He doesn't see the equality and mutuality of gay male cruising as it already exists because his sociology looks through well-coloured glasses.

Doing our own work

I guess I am not a feminist. Either that or I am totally out of touch with my own politics. I refer to the feminist response to Gerald Hannon's position on pornography as found in the *May* and *August* issues.

For once in my life, I find myself in complete agreement with Gerald Hannon. I am away past the point of agreeing with someone simply because they happen to be female. So I say — to Mariana Valverde, Susan Cole, E. Zarembo, et al — that I do not agree with this "feminist position." As an anarchist, I do not support censorship imposed by the State, particularly those laws which could conceivably be used against us.

With all of my mental faculties, I could not interpret Gerald's statements to be insulting to women nor could I judge him guilty for being a man. In fact, his analysis of pornography is entirely correct.

Susan Cole and Eve Zarembo take an interesting stand. They believe that Gerald has the right to speak for gay liberation (meaning now and in the special needs, only so long as he does not dare to place "one right position" onto feminism. They say: "Specifically in the case of censorship, we are not wrong in our own disapproval, but we are legitimately different." This is where I disagree as a woman. In a sexually repressive society, no one is free. As long as men are not allowed to express themselves in a human way, no woman will be sexually free from any man. Our goal is the same, even in the case of censorship.

To fight sexism as it appears in the form of pornography, we cannot allow the bourgeoisie State (or any other manifestation of authority) to do our work for us, even when we believe that it is acting in our best interests. And certainly does not mean that, in banning all laws against pornography, we are necessarily allying ourselves with the pornography industry. In fact, I remember very well how feminists last fall, during demonstrations against the *Snuff* movie, were portrayed in the media as allies of the Clean Up Yonge Street group. Some feminists had believed it possible to do business with the police. Obviously feminist in a neutral manner. Obviously feminists still believe this or they would be fighting sexism through their own activity and developing a real movement instead of relying on the state apparatus.

Pat Leslie
Toronto

Honestly and fearlessly

I think I deserve some space to respond to Robert Wallace's review of my play *The Haunted House* (*TBP*, May).

You referred to Jay, the Host, as "neurotic." Neurotic, so far as I know, means "repeating one's mistakes." Since the entire action of the play consists of Jay starting to repeat his mistake (ie, a mutually disadvantageous relationship), realizing it, and rejecting it, he can hardly be called neurotic. He has been, as you wrote, "addicted to self-accusation and self-loathing." The play is about the stopping his self-accusation. It is the climax of the play he cries, "he killed himself!" and discards the dead lover's "literary leavings." The play is about the boy. The boy in the play is more than willing to fall into the same destructive relationship Jay had with his dead lover. Jay makes him face it, makes himself face it, and throws him out.

You say that Jay's victimization should have been presented as societal rather than personal. I think that victimizes us except persons? Frank the boy, comes in ready to victimize. He is

rejected. What could be healthier? The play is not "about" homosexuality or "societal oppression." It is about two individual people. Would you have been happier had they been made "societal" cyphers?

You define a "gay play" as one about "what it means to be gay and proud in North America today." What should we be proud of? Gay's pride, when he comes to it, is in being strong, being honest, being benevolent to himself and others. He infuses the boy/whore only pride before is in being straight with only these same standards of pride.

Take pride in the fact that *The Haunted Hour*, written in 1964, continues to be done by gay groups all over the world. It was selected as the only full-length work to be performed in London's first season of gay plays in 1975 and included in the world's first anthology of gay plays, *Homosexual Acts* (Inter-Action Press, London).

The usual course of gay theatre right now is vacuous agitprop tweaking at conditioned responses and trying to install new conditioned responses, attempting to replace an irrational prejudice against homosexuals with an irrational prejudice for homosexuals.

I do not think *The Haunted Hour* has a destructive influence on "people ignorant of contemporary gay life." It could change one thing in the play.

It would be the ages of Jay and the boy from (respectively) twenty-seven and twenty to nineteen and fifteen. Boys still come to town to live off pathetic queers until they get their bearings, and pathetic queers until — the ones with pride and principled — call off their shackles and say "get out!" The main difference the Gay Lib movement has made is that they do it earlier — if they do it at all.

It's inevitable in the first stages of any movement that much of the art produced will be posters and pamphlets. They're fine, they're important, they're necessary. They lay the groundwork for the artists that follow. *The Haunted Hour* pre-dates Stonewall by five years. When it was first produced, no one had ever seen, on stage or screen, a queer throw a piece of trade out. In the plays since Stonewall, the usual pattern is that the trade goes by. In the plays before, the queers killed money or went mad. Personally, I think honesty and courage are better moral examples than sadism or masochism — and personally prefer both honesty and courage to having my antisocial fantasies pandering to.

Robert Patrick
434 Lafayette St
New York, NY 10003

A sordid tale

Well wishes, warm feelings, much gratitude to Mr John Forbes for his heart-rendering, recent reminiscences "Looking for Mr Candybar," TGP, May. Dear John (I'll may address you so intimately), we are cheering for you out here; we are almost certain; we are certainly applauding.

Indeed, so much emotion has been aroused it's upsetting to the soul. Thank Heaven for Librium.

You see, I had a love experience similar to yours. Unlike me, though, you have dared to speak out and in that action we fellow sufferers find the courage to follow.

I myself have finally begun to reveal some of the hurt, albeit to only eleven or twelve of my closer friends.

Yes indeed, after all these years it still hurts!

I remember the first time we met, the sky was a clear, clear blue, the clouds like so much fuzzy Brown Seltzer. He worked the counter at McDonald's. I was a customer. He sang the McDonald's anthem with a pure sweet gentleness and yet with such other conviction. Here was someone, I sensed, who really could do it all for me.

Time, I knew, would mature, change me. No one can be Debbie Reynolds forever. I was prepared for Doris Day. Came the day he asked me to peel him a grape. Well, I mean, I've been around, I have heard that line before.

What do I blame? That gay ghetto of which the gay liberationists are so proud. You know, those shrines to fornication, the baths, and all that disco

music they play there, I've been told: the Gaybars, the Gayapartment-buildings; the Gayscene.

Once he'd seen one of those wild, over twenty-five, pre-70's gay, down-towners there was no controlling him, I'd tried to shelter him from it all, but one cannot be everywhere, all the time.

I did all I could to save him. I pleaded, I cried. The Good Lord, Sweet Jesus Himself, knows how I tried to help him turn away from it.

And then, one day, I discovered him making what can only be termed most lewd and vulgar suggestions to the Dief-bachschidly boy who had been the last straw. I don't think they've ever fully trusted any human being since.

But at least I had the satisfaction of ditching the wreath before vice versa.

In actual fact, two days after the Defenbach incident and twenty miles north of Sudbury, I ordered him right out of the car, left him standing there in his pink satin trousers and Fagot Power T-shirt (it'd worn it just to aggravate me). I'll never forget the look on his face as I sped off. The rain swept down the back windshield in furious rivulets. The lightning delineated his figure against a backdrop of deserted highway and dark forest. Most Dramatic.

I haven't heard of him since. Not even a postcard.

Perhaps I was too harsh. This is the first time I've managed the whole tale and, I don't know, your story that gave me the strength.

If only everyone with similar experiences could know how it eases the heart to tell John, we who have borne such agonies must form a group to spread the word. We must throw off the girdles of silence, rise up, demand to be heard.

Peaches Zori
Toronto

Apologies

In "Gay SSR" (TGP, August 1978), the name of Brian Ackley (his first name was misspelled in a number of places. *Sloppy copy editor Rick Bebbitt, who prepared the story, has had all his fingers broken in punishment*).

Letter from India

Gay gays and lesbians form a silent majority in this vast continent and are hardly aware of the international scene. Anita Bryant's anti-homosexual crusade or the police raid on your offices took a very long time to reach us. Perhaps you know that sometime back there was a demo before New Delhi parliament to repeal the Indian homosexual law but the whole thing fizzled out as a political gimmick — and Indian politicians are noted for their gimmickry! Yet, Indian intellectuals and literates try their best to explain the gay philosophy — bringing it out of the closet with rapturous discussions on Shakespearean "fair youth," Sartre, Genet, Baudelaire, Paoletti, Foster, etc. Indian homosexuals and lesbians still suffer from a fear psychosis resulting from stigma and taboos. I sincerely believe this fear psychosis can diminish if gays are brought into closer contact with the international gay scene.

With this end in view, I'm going to bring out a regular newsletter and an anthology. The newsletter will cover gay/lesbian activities from all over the world. Priced at US \$6, I'll mail it anywhere in the world. The anthology (\$10 a copy) will consist of (a) a history of gay/lesbian movements in all countries, with current assessments, and (b) creative writings and graphics by gays and lesbians from all over the world.

I request your readers to help me in whatever way you can: publications, books, letters, newsletters, contributions (English only or translation in English, plus illustrations, subscriptions (my poverty is well known all over the world) or small donations to help me establish a gay press in India.

Dr. Jayajoti Roy-Chowdhury
27/4 Naraina, Roy Road
Calcutta 700 006
India

MORE LETTERS
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Number 48 September 1978

"The liberation of homosexuals can only be the work of homosexuals themselves."
— Kurt Hiller, 1921.

Gay on the line

by Gerald Hannon

What's it like to be the only open gay person in a room? Jim Monk knows. He also knows what it's like to parent a 13-year-old boy. A talk with the factory worker who may be Canada's first openly gay school trustee.

Beer and baloney

by George Whitmore

And a plea for a little champagne. Poet and critic Whitmore bites into eight gay novels and finds most of them less than gourmet fare. "But," he says, "the gay novel is getting better."

Intolerable outrage

by R. Williams and E. Jackson

Fifty years ago Radclyffe Hall went to court to defend *The Well of Loneliness* against obscenity charges. She lost. Her story — lesbianism — was "going too far" in 1928. A story with gripping parallels in today's repressive climate.

Our Image

TBP Reviews

Biographies for days, a tape cassette on the power of gay love, ten years (my gawd) with FILE, and a *John Forbes*'s guide that separates the clones from the drones. Lots more too!

In the News

Canada this month

Paris refuses Canadian homos. Bryant strikes again, police go wild in parks and washrooms and North York wants "Gay Bob" stopped at the border. PLUS International News page 11.

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* Cover photo of Jim Monk by Gerald Hannon*

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- Gates in, gays out
- Freedom conference restricted
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- We fail as parents?

French government vetoes gay study trip, group plans to protest

MONTREAL — A recently planned study trip to France on the theme of homosexuality has been cancelled by the Paris section of the Office Franco-Québécois pour la Jeunesse (OFQJ, Franco-Quebec Office for Youth).

The trip, which was scheduled to take place November 13 to December 5, had been approved previously by both the Montreal and Paris sections of the OFQJ. Twenty "stagiaires" or candidates had already received notification of their acceptance for the study trip, which was open to persons who are involved directly or indirectly with gay men and lesbians inside official organizations and to active members of gay groups.

All resumes and application forms have been returned to the candidates along with a letter from Pierre Bernier, secretary-general of the Quebec section of the OFQJ, and copies of the documents explaining the abrupt annulment of the study trip.

In his letter, Bernier explained to the participants that according to the exchange agreement between the two governments, the Paris section had the right to refuse to host the gay study group. However, Bernier did press the Paris office for an official explanation of the cancellation. In reply, it was confirmed only that "the Paris section of the OFQJ cannot host the group 511 on homosexuality."

The way in which the study trip was cancelled has no precedence at the OFQJ. "Normally we provide the other section with information on the motives (for cancellation)," Pierre Bernier told TBP. Bernier could not remember a similar situation since he began working at the OFQJ in 1971. He refused to speculate on the reasons for the cancellation, saying only that he "regretted" having to pass on such information.

According to Alain Bouchard, the originator of the study trip, it is the French government itself which intervened. "They fear a bad press campaign, similar to the one in Quebec after the gay study trip was first announced." He added that France has a law, passed in 1968, which regards homosexuality as a "social scourge." "There is probably more homophobia in France than in any other western European country," said Bouchard.

Meanwhile, the accepted candidates have formed a "Comité des stagiaires" to demand the relaunching of the tour, to determine who was responsible for the cancellation, and to put public pressure on those parties to justify their action. The Quebec section of the OFQJ is under the jurisdiction of Minister of Youth, Sports and Recreation, Claude Charbon, while the French section is supervised by the Minister for Youth, Sports and Recreation, Jean-Pierre Solson.

The Comité is considering picketing the French government tourist office in Montreal, and has contacted groups in Paris to raise the issue publicly there. One group, ALEPH, a French information centre on homosexuality, had already offered its services to the Paris office of OFQJ as hosts and organizers for the visiting Québécois.

The Comité des stagiaires may be contacted c/o AGQJ, CP 36, Succ. C, Montreal, Québec, H2L 4J7.

City may provide poster sites after plea from gay group

OTTAWA — A committee of city hall will recommend to full council this month that civic funds be earmarked to pay for information kiosks to be set up on city property. The kiosks could be used by any community organization wishing to post.

The Citizens' Participation Action Committee (CPAC) made the announcement after a meeting with representatives from Gays of Ottawa (GO). A member of the gay group had been fined \$25 July 12 after pleading guilty to violating a city-by-law prohibiting posting.

"We decided to approach City Hall after that incident," said GO spokesperson Denis LeBlanc. "We felt that the city has a responsibility to provide means of advertising for community organizations, such as ours, that are trying to function without government subsidies."

Gay groups have noted an increase lately in protest one under city by-laws designed to prevent posting. There have been two incidents in Toronto, as

well as the one in Ottawa. LeBlanc reports that the man arrested in Ottawa was told by the police that they were concerned about the posting activities of the Communist Party. However, the only other group known to have been prosecuted in Ottawa under the by-law is the Ottawa Coalition for Full Employment. LeBlanc stated as well that "many community groups have to resort to this kind of advertising because they can't afford commercial ads. As well, gay groups have a particular problem because many newspapers refuse their ads, and the CBC has a policy of refusing public service announcements from gay groups."

He said that he was relatively optimistic that the group's recommendations would be taken seriously by City Council.

"If they are, the results will be beneficial to the community as a whole."

Human rights conference holds gay rights workshop

QUÉBEC — TBP learned recently that the annual meeting of the Canadian human rights commissions offered a workshop on "sexual orientation."

Representatives of all the provincial commissions, as well as the federal Human Rights Commission, attended the three-day conference last May. The conference — closed to the public and media — was sponsored by the Quebec Human Rights Commission.

During the workshop on sexual orientation held May 16, Alain Bouchard, a Montreal psychologist, author and gay activist; two representatives of the Quebec Human Rights Commission, and a spokeswoman for the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission made presentations on the legal and social aspects of anti-gay discrimination. Forty delegates attended the workshop.

This is the first time that such a gathering has discussed the issue of sexual orientation.

by Ron Dayman

Gays take to the air (waves, that is)

KITCHENER — The first regularly scheduled gay radio programme in Canada was broadcast August 9 from radio station CKMS-FM, 94.5 in Kitchener-Waterloo.

The hour-long show, "Gay News and Views," featured gay news, music, opinion and interviews.

Steve Sartor, one of the announcers, says that the show will get very wide exposure since it is aired three times a week at the prime listening time of 8:30 PM. He has already received favourable response from listeners who have phoned in, and from people at the station.

Other women and men involved in the production of the show are Cindy Butcher, WJ Long and Wayne Ball.

CKMS-FM is a non-profit radio station serving Kitchener-Waterloo, Cambridge and Guelph.

by Joe Szalai

And in Vancouver...

Gay men and lesbians here have come together under the auspices of Vancouver Co-operative Radio to produce a weekly gay half-hour programme.

Co-op radio (CFRO-FM, 102.7) is a community owned and operated radio which functions as a non-profit organization. "We plan to offer information services announcing special events and meetings schedules," says Michael McCarthy, one of the organizing group. "Of course, we will also present news and issues of interest to the gay community. It is our hope that in this way the entire population of Vancouver may come to better understand the gay experience."

The group would like to be put on your mailing list. Write: Michael McCarthy, c/o Vancouver Co-operative Radio, 337 Carrall St., Vancouver, BC V6B 2J4.

North York nerd knocks nelly toy

TORONTO — North York Controller Robert "Bob" Yull says he plans to start a class action against the US makers of an "anal simulator" called "homosexual call" called "Gay Bob."

Yull said he wants all Canadians named Bob to get in touch with him and together they will start the action against what he says is the misuse of a respectable name.

If he is successful, the case would likely have to be heard at The Hague. He asked by TBP how many "Bobs" had replied to his call, he refused to reveal the number.

Yull claims that he has been the butt of many homosexual jokes since the existence of the doll was made public. "I'm proud of my name," he told TBP, and says he does not want the dolls sold in Canada.

Nothing about the gay movement if it's all done quietly among adults," he said, "but I don't want to see it promoted among children."

Yull is felt to be partly responsible for North York Mayor Mel Lastman's attempt to award Anita Bryant a medal for her stand against "homosexual activists."

He "Bobs" interested in contacting Controller Yull should call him at (416) 224-6151.

Lawyers' association critical of Jacques trial coverage

TORONTO — The Criminal Lawyers' Association has criticized the Toronto media for their sensationalized and inflammatory coverage of the Jacques murder trial.

In editorial in the May issue of the association's official publication, the lawyers say that the four men accused of the Jacques murder underwent "two trials — one conducted and provoked by the media, and the other in the courtroom, constrained by defence counsel and the presence of the Rule of Law."

The editorial notes that while all four accused were found guilty by the media and the public, in court only two were found guilty as charged, while one was acquitted and the fourth was found guilty of the lesser charge of second-degree murder. The jury rendered "a hallmark verdict."

The editorial says, showing that the criminal justice system was "capable of distinguishing not only between guilt and innocence, but between degrees of guilt as well." In its remarks about the Jacques trial, the lawyers' association failed, however, to criticize another member of the legal profession, Justice A.W. Maloney, in the course of sentencing those found guilty, Maloney connected these three men with all gay people and particularly with gay people organizing to fight for their rights, saying "they are all the same."

by Paul Trollope

Prison bans TBP

US — An American prisoner who has been receiving TBP for some time has been refused further access to the journal.

Frank Blackburn, warden of the Louisiana State Penitentiary, informed TBP's legal representatives that he had personally reviewed TBP and felt that "it would not be in the best interests of the inmate or the institution to allow its delivery." He recommended that TBP "refrain from sending any particular publication to inmates" at the Penitentiary, but did not state what would happen if his recommendation was not followed.

The U.S. National Gay Task Force, which presently is engaged in a lawsuit against the American Federal Bureau of Prisons for similar banning of gay publications, has been informed of this case and has indicated its interest.



A rare moment when most of the members of Liberated Energy were in the same room. — These are some of the busiest people in Toronto. The group was formed specifically as an organizing force for Gaydays. In celebration of Lesbians and Gay Men.

According to one organizer, Gaydays was planned as a "cultural festival with a dual purpose — to entertain and inform gay people, and to let the rest of the city know what the organized gay community is up to." Planning began in February, and the group has been meeting weekly for months. Naomi Brooks, Val Edwards, Harvey Hamburg and Gordon Montador are co-ordinators; all felt it unlikely that Gaydays would become an annual event. "We're just organizing for a good festival, not an institution," Emilio included the largest gay dance in the history of Toronto, a gay late in Queen's Park, concerts by Izquerda and April Kasasir, and an opening night gala with John Ricci, Fernon, George Hisslop and Sheila Gostick.

Photo: Gerald Hanson

Having trouble finding an empty stall in TTC washrooms? Funny. The cops never seem to have any problem...

Gays under 21 protected by Code too, says Rights Commission

MONTREAL — A report recently released by the Quebec Human Rights Commission concludes that the legal status of gay youth is equal to that of young heterosexuals.

Following the refusal by La Presse to print an advertisement from Jeanne Gaudet Montreal (JGM — Montreal Gay Youth), the group asked the Commission if the amendment adding sexual orientation to the Quebec Human Rights Charter applies to persons under 21 years old, in view of the fact that certain statutes of the Canadian Criminal Code make homosexual sex for them illegal.

A three-page "Opinion of the Human Rights Commission on regarding homosexuals under 21 years old" was drafted in response to their request.

Perhaps the most significant aspect of the report is the clarification that "whatever their age, homosexuals cannot be

prohibited access to public places." This would seem to indicate that La Presse did indeed not renege the Charter in refusing JGM's advertisement because "we don't accept this kind of ad." (see TPB, August 1, 1977)

The report noted, however, that since "age, at the moment, is not a prohibited basis for discrimination in the Charter," someone denied housing because of his/her age would not be protected by the Charter.

In any case, the report ruled that "the legal status of 'young gays' in relation to that of 'young heterosexuals' is therefore the same, at least in the area covered by the Human Rights Charter."

In the meantime, the Commission's investigation into the complaint lodged against La Presse by JGM continues. An initial report will be released shortly.

by Stuart Russell □

Police entrapment in park, washroom gets two convictions

TORONTO — Two cases of police entrapment of gay men have come to the attention of TPB lately. In both cases the charged men pleaded guilty. Although one man was given an absolute discharge, the other, a British actor performing in Canada, was deported.

Criminal lawyer Thomas Wiley is appealing the January 1978 entrapment conviction of British actor Barrett. He was charged in a Toronto Transit Commission washroom at Bloor and Sherbourne.

Barrett, 33, did not have a lawyer when he appeared in provincial criminal court. After consulting with the crown attorney, he decided to plead guilty to the charge of committing an indecent act.

Although the crown attorney requested that Barrett be given a discharge since he had no criminal record, Provincial Court judge Vincent McEwan sentenced the actor to six days in jail — an unusually severe sentence.

Barrett had entered the TTC washroom and gone into a cubicle. A man in the next cubicle made contact with his foot and Barrett passed him a note asking his interests. The man replied that it was his first time. Barrett then exposed himself under the partition, whereupon the other man identified himself as a police officer and placed Barrett under arrest.

In sentencing, Judge McEwan stated that moral deterrence required a severe penalty in Barrett's case, and that the public washroom in question was "simply not notorious, and required a police officer to be there at all times."

Barrett served only one day in custody before being released on bail pending appeal. He was deported to England because of his newly gained criminal conviction.

McEwan is the same judge who infuriated feminists and their supporters a year and a half ago by saying that a woman past the age of 40 was not a reliable witness because of menopause.

In a similar but unrelated case, Bruce Davidson, 35, of Toronto, pleaded guilty July 21 in County Court to common assault, a charge arising out of a police entrapment incident in August 1977.

According to Davidson, he had been cruising in High Park and noticed a man in shorts, with his shirt open, lying on a park bench stroking himself and staring at Davidson. Eventually Davidson approached and was enticed into tentatively touching the man who then identified himself as a police officer. Davidson was arrested and charged with indecent assault, an extremely serious indictable offence that carries a maximum two-year sentence.

In an arranged plea bargain, Davidson

pleaded not guilty to the charge of indecent assault, but guilty to the lesser included charge of common assault.

His Honour Judge F.J. Greenwood stated that the circumstances disclosed some ambiguity, and although a finding of guilt was made, Davidson received an absolute discharge. Technically, he does not have a criminal conviction.

TPB advises its readers to exercise caution while cruising. As well, the Barrett case in particular underlines the dangers of pleading guilty without the benefit of competent legal advice.

In position 12 of the above, the Criminal Lawyers Association published an account of the Barrett case in a recent issue of their newsletter. Cases in which sentencing has been particularly harsh or where the judge has made prejudicial remarks, are frequently noted by the Association for the benefit of its members.

by Paul Trollope □

Bryant tries again, fourth visit planned

LONDON — Gay groups in this Ontario city are gearing up to protest the appearance September 10 of Anita Bryant, the well known representative of homophobic forces in the US.

Her appearance, described as a "singing engagement", will take place at 3 PM in the London Gardens. The London Coalition to Answer Anita Bryant is planning a large demonstration for that afternoon.

The Coalition had been formed May 23 in response to the singer's imminent arrival in the city. That tour had been cancelled, however, when Bryant contracted a throat ailment.

This is Bryant's fourth visit to Canada. Previous tours included Toronto, Peterborough, Winnipeg, Edmonton and Moose Jaw.

In each case, her appearance has had a galvanizing effect on the gay community, and has sparked some of the largest gay demonstrations in Canadian history.

Eileen Renton of London's Gay Action Group for Equality says, "A large turnout for the demo will be a breakthrough for the community. We're asking groups from across the province to support the coalition by sending people to join in the rally." □

Law firm admits bias against gays

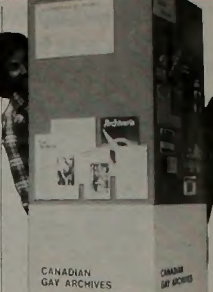
TORONTO — Ontario's legal profession has a lot to learn about open gays in law, or so it seems from a recent visit by one of Toronto's best-known law firms to Osogodo Hall Law School.

On a recruiting trip to Osogodo to discuss the prospect of articling, lawyer D. Murray Paton of McCarthy and McCarthy was asked about his firm's attitude toward women in the profession.

McCarthy said that above, the firm is one of the largest and traditionally most arrogant corporate law firms in the country.

Asked about the firm's position on hiring women, Paton replied that McCarthy's did not discriminate against women and that "we're onto bigger and better things now, like homosexuality. The problem isn't with women any more, but with homosexuals."

Paton added that his firm had received several



CANADIAN GAY ARCHIVES

Gay Archives collective members James Fraser and Joan Anderson line up to wait for unsuspecting visitors to the civic displays outside Toronto's City Hall on Simcoe Day, August 7.

The Archives kiosk was strategically located between an exhibit by the Toronto Police and the Toronto Transit Commission.

"The display attracted a lot of attention," said Fraser, "in fact, some people returned five or six times."

applications for articling positions from apparently openly gay people during the past year. "I'm wondering," he said, "whether they wanted a job or a confrontation."

Paton's statement was taken by his view students wanting a job with him firm should not expect to get one if they indicated on their application that they were gay or had been involved in gay activities.

Last fall the Ontario legal profession voted in effect to continue to discriminate against gay people within the profession. A motion to make sexual orientation a prohibited ground of discrimination in the profession's code of ethics was brought by members of the Law Union of Ontario but was narrowly defeated by a margin of six votes.

by Paul Trollope □

Bryantism and Wages Due: Recruiting within our movement

Analysis by Ken Popert

It has taken a long time to bubble up to the surface — I probably didn't want to think about it — but the thought just can't be ignored any more. Anita Bryant and Claire Hoy are not just lurking out there, in the land of one-toothpaste families. They are busy recruiting within our movement.

I was finally forced to face this unpleasant reality at the recent Halifax conference. I listened as Neil Glickman, sponsored by Wages Due Lesbians, informed a workshop that "many mothers could justifiably support Anita Bryant. After all, if they don't put the welfare of their children first, what kind of mothers are they?"

Later, I heard Wages Due spokesperson Ellen Agger reinforce the same proposition during a conference plenary session with this ugly flourish: "A kid on Yonge Street gets murdered by lesbian faggots." To her credit, when confronted, she apologized for the phrase.

These two incidents unobscurely and unsubtly connect the growth of Bryantism in Wages Due politics.

The trend has been many months in the making. Wages Due representatives created a storm among organizers of last year's Ontario Bryant protest by insisting on the adoption of the slogan, "No recruitment, gay or straight." (They lost.) That same month, in a letter to the

editor of *The Toronto Star*, Wages Due spokesperson Francis Wyland, referring to the raid on *The Body Politic* and to Bryant's campaign, wrote: "At issue is the children's right to freedom from sexual coercion by any man, straight or homosexual."

Now is Bryant's line, that children are the issue. Of course, if children were the issue, Bryant would primarily be concerned with the major source of child abuse, the heterosexual, patriarchal family. But she is not interested in that; she save our children theme is a mask behind which hide the organizers of opposition to the gay, lesbian and women's movement.

As for the Wages Due slogan, "No recruitment, gay or straight," it implicitly encourages the false and dangerous notion that sexual orientation is a matter of persuasion and that recruitment is possible. These false beliefs are used against us by the Bryants and Hays of the world to good effect.

The question of child recruitment focus is not the only respect in which Wages Due Lesbians fall in with the enemies of gay and lesbian liberation. They have a decidedly negative attitude towards coming out. The literature distributed by Wages Due invariably associates coming out with loss — of job, home, children. By dwelling on these possible evil consequences to the exclusion of any other consideration,

Wages Due are effectively counselling lesbians to stay in the closet.

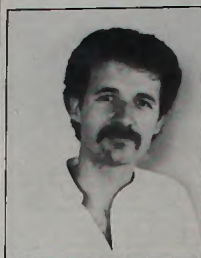
Coming out is a critical point of attack for our enemies. They understand that closeting, successful or not, would mean the dissolution of our movement and the abolition of our community. That is why the more intelligent elements of the Right are for the closeting — nothing-against-as-long-as-they-stay-in-the-closet refrain.

Looking back on the history of their participation in the gay and lesbian movements, I am not surprised that Wages Due have become the vehicle of conservative and reactionary ideas and, especially, of Bryantism. Their public rhetoric has always been remarkable for its dependence on Victorian folklore: the Sanctity of Motherhood, the Innocence of Children, the Frailty of Woman. And often enough, their politics have seemed an exercise in soap-operatic sentimentality. It is not an accident that Wages Due have chosen lesbian motherhood as their entrée into the gay movement.

It is in the nature of political struggle that mistakes are made, false theories invented, wrong actions taken. But when the mistakes all trend in the same direction, it is time to look more closely. In a future column, I will examine the question of why Wages Due will inevitably take backward positions on many gay and lesbian issues. □

What gay men do in bed: a "filthy practice," "extremely repulsive." That's Justice talking. This time, we take Justice to court.

Gay candidate drops campaign, but sees role for gay alderperson



Dean Haynes

TORONTO — The first openly gay man to run for city council on a gay rights issues platform has resigned from the race. Dean Haynes, a member of Free Lesbians and Gays, announced his candidacy for alderperson in June when it appeared that Dan Heup and Alan Sparrow, the two incumbent reform alderpersons, would be running a divided campaign. Since that time Heup and Sparrow have patched up their differences, and as a result both Haynes and The Committee to Elect Haynes felt there was no longer a good chance for winning.

In a statement to *T&P* Haynes said, "I still feel there is a natural constituency amongst the gay and lesbian population in Ward 8. But for a campaign like the one I wanted to run to be effective, there

would have had to be a lot of door-to-door canvassing, and for that one needs bodies — and lots of them. In the atmosphere of doubt which was developing, these bodies did not seem to be forthcoming."

Haynes still feels strongly there is a need for a gay alderperson to represent the interests of the gay community. Said Haynes, "A gay alderperson would be a constant reminder to the city and the media that there really is a gay and lesbian community out there who will not longer tolerate such things as the Halloween crowds outside the St. Charles, or discrimination in housing or employment."

He compared the attitude of Toronto police in telling gays to stay home on Halloween to telling racial minorities not to use the subway system if they didn't want to be molested by racists. "A gay alderperson would be in a proper position to exert considerable pressure on the police commission to deal properly with the harassment of gays, lesbians, and women."

Haynes also sees a role for a gay alderperson in developing gay social services in areas of health and community centre.

Haynes, obviously disappointed at having to drop out of the campaign, told *T&P*, "A gay alderperson would actively seek out issues of concern to our community, not just be sensitive to them when they happen to hit city council over his or her stage. I'm not willing to take the gamble of losing because of the possible demoralizing effect on the community."

by Robin Hardy

For the Supreme Court of Canada, it was an unfortunate delay. For *Gay Tide*, it meant \$2000.

Last May we announced that the case of *Gay Tide* vs the Vancouver *Sun* would reach the Supreme Court of Canada during the week of June 12."

Gay Tide's lawyer was ready. A representative of the paper travelled all the way from Vancouver to Ottawa for the occasion. On June 16, a representative of the Supreme Court announced that "overcrowding on the court's list" had forced a delay. The case would not be heard until sometime in the late fall.

For the Supreme Court of Canada, it simply meant a little bureaucratic shuffling of schedules. For *Gay Tide*, it meant frustration — and an inevitable increase in legal fees. According to a spokesperson for the *Gay Tide* Defence Fund, "Including the increase, we are still \$2000 short of our expected goal of \$11,000."

It's a case that began four years ago when

Gay Tide tried to place a two-line classified ad in the Vancouver *Sun*.

The *Sun* said no. No ads for homosexuals.

Gay Tide is fighting back — all the way to the Supreme Court. It's an important case. For the first time in Canadian history, gay rights will be argued in the highest court in the land. The decision — whatever it is — will affect all our lives. It will be cited in custody cases, in cases where gay people are trying to keep their jobs — or get them back.

You can help in two ways. Make a donation to the *Gay Tide* Defence Fund. And take out a subscription to the paper. A regular subscription costs only \$3.00 for six issues, but we'd like to encourage a Supporting Subscription — they start at \$5.00.

There's only \$2,000 to go. Be generous.

☐ Yes, I'll help back *Gay Tide* all the way to the Supreme Court of Canada. Enclosed is my contribution for \$

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

POSTAL CODE

☐ I'd like to be a supporting subscriber to *Gay Tide*. I enclose an extra \$5.00. I understand the paper is sent in a plain, sealed envelope.

Tories barricade against sexual activity

WINNIPEG — In an effort to curtail gay cruising, the Tory government has ordered the installation of traffic gates on the grounds of the Manitoba Legislature. Long the most important site for late night gay cruising by Winnipeg gay men, the driveway surrounding the government building is now barricaded after dark.

In July 12 TV news story headlined with a stop symbol superimposed over a photograph of the legislature and two male symbols, the CBC News quoted government sources as saying the gates were to control traffic. The same source added that the legislature grounds were becoming popular for "trysts" between gays, and that there had been run-ins between groups of young toughs and gay men.

The new traffic gates seem part of continuing government efforts to prevent male cruising on the legislature grounds. The area, known as the "Hill", has been cleared of underbrush and provided with better lighting in recent years. □

"Operation Freedom" plans protest to include gay issues

MONTREAL — "Operation Freedom" has been launched by the Ligue des Droits de l'Homme (LDH), a Quebec civil liberties group, to counter the erosion of civil rights in this country. As its first step in its campaign, the LDH sponsored a conference entitled "Police and Freedom" at the Université de Montréal May 26-27.

Attended by over 300 persons, the three day conference established a "large, permanent coalition aiming to defend and extend democratic rights and freedoms." One of its goals is to ensure that the declaration of principles which recognizes that gay and lesbian groups are among those — such as women's, native and union associations — being subject to police attack.

The central activity of the coalition is to be a large demonstration planned for October 16, the eighth anniversary of the

War Measures Act, invoked by the Federal government in 1970, the emergency act gave police across the country broad powers to search, arrest and detain individuals.

During the weekend Police and Freedom conference, participants examined several hundred pages of documentation which failed to make any reference to the obvious repression against the gay community. However, lesbians and gay men were present to distribute a leaflet published by the Association on pour les Droits des Gai(e)s du Québec (ADGO).

The leaflet drew attention to the numerous examples of repression against the gay community — especially the massive pre-Olympic "clean-up" and the police raid on the Truxx bar last October.

The October 18 "Operation Freedom" protest will also coincide with the first anniversary of the Truxx raid, and will allow gays and lesbians an opportunity to fully participate in a gay contingent against police repression.

by Stuart Russell

Gays march in pro-abortion demo

VANCOUVER — Members of the Gay Alliance Toward Equality (GATE) joined hundreds of women and their supporters who marched July 28 to demand the right to therapeutic abortion.

The march and rally were sponsored by Concerned Citizens for Choice on Abortion.

In a press release, GATE said it endorsed the event as "a demonstration of all women to the continued availability of therapeutic abortion." The press release went on to say that "The same legislators who refuse women easy access to safe and legal abortions are those who continue to deny lesbians and gays their due civil rights."

Stephen Shierrits, who addressed the rally on behalf of GATE, brought greetings and support from the Canadian Lesbian and Gay Rights Coalition. He said the issues facing gay and women's movements are the same — control of our bodies, control of our minds, and control of our lives. "Our rallying cry is self-determination for women and gays," he said. □

Coalition to protest judge's remarks in brief to Canadian Judicial Council

TORONTO — The Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario (CGRO) is preparing an official protest to be sent to the Canadian Judicial Council. The document will ask that disciplinary action be taken against Court Justice Judge Bora Laskin, for statements made during the sentencing July 8 of a Toronto man accused of "buggery."

The Canadian Judicial Council, chaired by Canadian premier Justice Bora Laskin, is made up of representatives from the Supreme Courts of each province. It has jurisdiction over all federally appointed judges, and can take disciplinary actions ranging from a reprimand to removal from the bench.

While sentencing the man to two years in penitentiary, Judge Locke called "buggery" a filthy practice which since biblical times to the present day has been regarded as extremely repulsive. Even beasts of the field don't do it."

Testimony during the trial disclosed that the 14-year-old boy had been a frequent visitor to the home of the convicted man, David Cook. Cook testified that on the day of the alleged crime, the boy had tried to blackmail him by threatening to charge him with rape if he did not give the boy twenty dollars. Judge Locke commented that Cook had "permitted this boy to snuff the life of the homosexual," and termed the crime "the non-

violet debauching of a young boy of the streets."

"Judges who make that kind of remark should face the same kind of censure as judges who feel that women are unreliable witnesses," said CGRO coordinator Tom Warner. "It's the same kind of bigotry."

The protest to the Judicial Council is being prepared on CGRO's behalf by the Osgoode Gay Caucus. The group plans a similar protest over statements made by Ontario Supreme Court Justice A.W. Maloney during the sentencing of the accused in the Jacques trial early this year.

by Robin Hardy

Library survey

The Task Force on Gay Liberation of the American Library Association is conducting a survey to determine the concerns of gay people within the library profession, particularly in the area of job discrimination.

Copies of the questionnaire can be obtained from Toronto librarian Jim Quisley, (416) 961-3822, or by writing the ALA Gay Task Force, Box 2383, Philadelphia, PA 19101, USA. □

**Sexual outlaws strike again.
College washrooms unsafe.
"I can't believe it," says reliable source.**

Rights Commission "disappointed" by Minister's remark

CALGARY — A supervisor of the Southern Region of the Alberta Human Rights Commission stated recently that members and staff of the Commission are "disappointed" by a remark made by provincial Labour Minister Neil Crawford.

Crawford had stated in effect that any government that supported gay rights legislation had to be out of its mind. The statement was made following publication of the Commission's recommendation to include the term "sexual orientation" in the Alberta Individual Rights Protection Act.

Commission Supervisor Elva Rowland's statement represents the second time that the Commission has been critical of the Conservative Loughhead government in recent months. In May, the acting chairperson of the Commission issued a public statement castigating the government for its delay in dealing with the Commission's recommendations. That statement also reaffirmed strong support for the "sexual orientation" amendment.

Rowland, however, was also critical of gay organizations and individuals in the province. She stated that homosexuals in Alberta must be more public in their support for the Commission's position. She made it clear that the Commission believes it has done all it can without the vigorous and public support of Alberta's gay community.

by Russ Congdon □

Civil Liberties head re-elected despite protests

TORONTO — Ontario Human Rights Commissioner Bromley Armstrong has been re-elected as a director of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association (CCLA) for another two-year term, despite protests from CCLA members.

Armstrong's ambiguous position on gay civil rights came into question in the summer of 1977 when a Toronto newspaper of which he was publisher, *The Islander*, published a series of homophobic articles. The articles used derogatory epithets and portrayed gays in a stereotyped and bigoted manner.

Confronted, Armstrong said he regretted the incident had occurred, but

"Globe" yields to progress

TORONTO — The *Globe and Mail* has decided, uncharacteristically, not to stand any longer in the way of progress. In a directive issued July 1 by the *Globe's* style editor, Alan Dawson, the word "gay" has been allowed back into news copy and headlines after an eight-month ban. It seems to have been an anguish-making decision.

"The style rule of last October dealing with the words gay and homosexual must yield to reality."

"The word homosexual is not always interchangeable with gay. It's the Gay Lib movement, not the Homosexual Liberation Movement. Some clubs and restaurants cater to gays, not to homosexuals."

"So a once precise word has been bastardized beyond recall and stolen."

"We yield to progress, if that's what it is, and relax the ban on gay, particularly in features and entertainment stories."

"In news stories we should use homosexual at least once, preferably the first time the term appears. And of course we will continue to leave any direct quotes unchanged."

Of course. □

also stated that he could not interfere with freedom of the press.

Individual CCLA members wrote to the association's president, Osgoode Hall law professor Walter Tarnopolsky, demanding that Armstrong be requested to resign as a director of the civil liberties group.

However, the CCLA's National Executive Board re-elected Armstrong for an additional two-year term as a director of the organization. The CCLA's officers and directors are elected not by the membership but by the Board of Directors of the organization.

At the time of the original Armstrong controversy, then-chairperson of the Ontario Human Rights Commission Thomas Symons expressed the opinion that what was at stake was Armstrong's right to publish what he chose.

by Paul Trolllope □

No glory in washroom holes, claims college

VANCOUVER — The administration of Vancouver Community College is making heroic efforts to halt homosexual activity in a second floor college washroom, but admits it is fighting a losing battle.

Large holes appear regularly in partitions between the stalls in the washroom at Vancouver Vocational Institute. "When we patched the holes before with lighter gauge metal they were just ripped off," said Bill Hill, director of buildings and grounds. "I saw it myself and I couldn't believe it."

"I think it is a sad indictment on society," Hill continued.

A letter to the college paper suggested a solution to what the writer called "a contemporary variation on the Pyramus and Thisbe theme."

She suggested that a coin-operated device which would activate a sliding panel over an aperture of "convenient size in an appropriate location" might solve the problem. □

Conference given "restricted" rating

TORONTO — A conference on Human Freedom and Sexuality to be held here next month will be restricted to persons 18 years of age and over.

When TBP contacted one of the organizers, he said that he felt it was unfortunate, but that the restriction was necessary "for our own protection."

"The conference planning committee," he said, "feels we are in the midst of a new wave of repression. We just can't take the chance of police interference in the conference."

Concern appears to revolve mainly around a display on the opening day of the conference, October 20. According to the schedule, at 9:30 PM "There will be a display of publications and objects which have been victims of censorship." Organizers are apparently afraid that a display of the kinds of things already seized by police might incite further legal action, particularly if the affair is open to young people.

The conference planning committee hopes that the conference will promote "the defense and extension of intelligent and democratic approaches to sexual freedom."

Among those attending are Professor John Money, the internationally acclaimed sexologist; and Louis Malie, the French director whose film *Pretty Baby* was recently banned by Ontario censors.

Thirteen workshops are scheduled for October 21. A number of them would be of interest to gay people, including one by gay teacher John Arcus called "Gay Rights and Sexual Freedom."

Registration for the two-day conference is \$25. Further information can be obtained from: Conference on Human Freedom and Sexuality, Suite 406, 360 Bloor St. W., Toronto, M5S 1X1. □

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Tales of the City

A novel by Armistead Maupin

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Haakon

A novel by C.F. Griffin

The second world war has ended and Haakon Hvitefeldt returns from the front to resume his position as a physics professor at a New York university. His return as a



civilian plunges him once again into conflict, for postwar adjustment is only a small part of the eternal adjustment that he, as a homosexual in a straight society, must make. His allegiance is divided among the freely given devotion of a runaway more than two decades his junior, the sanctioned love of a good woman, and the perverse, inscrutable attachment of his longtime lover, the flamboyant and elusive Simon. War's lesson and Simon's uncompromising life and death prove to Haakon that self-integrity is the only alternative.

Into The Open

Edited by Joseph Caday

A selection of poetry and prose from a variety of American and European writers of the 19th Century whose basic sensibilities were either openly gay or sprang from a consciousness that could be exemplified as gay. Included are the works of Tennyson, Whitman, Oscar Wilde, as well as the French Symbolists, Rimbaud and Verlaine, and many others. 352 pages

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Growing:

Guelph Gay Youth and Coast-to-Coast Lesbian Newsletter

Ten young lesbians and gay men in Guelph, Ontario, have formed the Guelph Gay Youth Group. The organization is open to all lesbians and gay men who are 25 years of age or younger. "The organization," according to TSP correspondent Barry Eriksen, "aims to provide a social outlet for young gays, and to help and encourage young gays to come out." For further information, call (519) 836-4550 Monday, Wednesday or Thursday evenings, between 8 and 10 PM.

A bi-monthly, bi-monthly Lesbian Newsletter in the planning stages, and will be co-ordinated for the present by Sibyl Frei of Guelph, Ontario. A Lesbian Newsletter Coalition was proposed at the lesbian conference held in Ottawa last May, and Frei agreed to be responsible for the first issue. However, a group of lesbians is needed to volunteer to co-ordinate the newsletter for the first year. "It's my hope that some lesbians can gather enough strength to do it," said Frei. "It's very important to keep the ball rolling."

The newsletter plans to inform women of the activities of lesbians in any particular area, and to serve as a forum for discussion of political action — past, present and future. "Contributions of a political or informational nature, as well as poetry, prose and other writings are needed," says Frei. "And any woman who doesn't feel comfortable about her writing is encouraged to make a financial contribution. We can only succeed if we all help."

Questions, contributions and donations should be sent to: Lesbian Newsletter Coalition, Box 773, Guelph, ON, N1H 6L8.

Damien asks court

to throw out libel threat

John Damien has asked the Ontario Supreme Court to dismiss a writ of libel which was served on him over two years ago by officials of the Ontario Racing Commission and the Ontario Jockey Club.

The writ, which constituted a notice that the officials were considering a suit under the Libel and Slander Act, was served after the appearance of an article in Weekend Magazine entitled "Damien's Evil." The article appeared in over thirty newspapers across Canada on the weekend of February 12, 1976. It was the first major news coverage of Damien's case by the straight press, and elicited over a hundred letters of support and around \$1500 in contributions within three weeks.

In similar writs, the same officials named Weekend Magazine author John Hoffess, and each of the newspapers which carried the article as possible defendants in a libel suit.

Although the plaintiffs referred to the article in their motion, they did not specify the exact basis for their libel charge. This would have been necessary had they actually continued with the action, but in two years they have carried it no further.

One of the plaintiffs, Charles S. MacNaughton, is still chairperson of the Ontario Racing Commission. All of them were named as defendants in John Damien's suit for damages and reinstatement after he was fired from his position as steward for the Commission a year before the article's appearance.

It is possible that MacNaughton would have based his libel suit on the article's quotation from his remark to a journalist after Damien was fired: "What do you expect?" MacNaughton was quoted as saying, "he's a faggot." But a notice of libel was not filed against the original report of that statement, nor against a similar statement which was attributed

to MacNaughton by The Globe and Mail after Damien's firing.

"There probably was never an intent on to go through with the libel," commented Michael Lynch. "The point was probably harassment, threatening John with an expensive court action to discourage him from pursuing his own suits against them."

"More disturbing was the effect that this had on the press," added Lynch, chairperson of the Committee to Defend John Damien. "Officials in the Ontario Government were able to intimidate the Canadian press from covering developments in John's case without having to prove a case of libel. Simply dangling the threat of a libel suit over the publishers' heads was enough — a virtual blackout followed."

"We on the Committee took no sure of two articles sympathetic to John written by major columnists for major Canadian dailies, columns that were not allowed to see print. It's a reasonable guess that this threat of a libel suit led to editorial pre-censorship."

"And we mustn't forget that this motion which so intimidated the Ontario press was paid for by the Ontario taxpayer!"

Notices and writs of libel have been used before to intimidate the "free" press. According to one expert on Canadian journalism, too many times used this strategy several years ago when the press was exposing scandalous conditions at Inco. When Inco threatened a libel suit, the stories dried up — though no suit ever actually appeared.

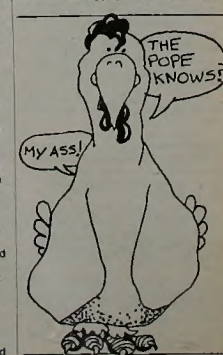
Damien's decision to ask the court to dismiss the writ followed upon a discussion between the defense committee and his chief lawyer, Paul Jewell, at their conference in June.

Trial date set for Body Politic

TORONTO — Pink Triangle Press and The Body Politic defendants — Gerald Hannon, Ed Jackson and Ken Popert — will go to trial January 2, 1979. It will be almost one year to the day since police raided the paper's office and slapped two charges related to the distribution of "obscene" material against the press and its directors.

According to Pink Triangle Press lawyer Clayton Ruby, it is still not clear whether the crown intends to proceed by summary conviction or by indictment. "They have indicated they will very likely proceed by summary," he said. "But we have told them we were asking for trial by jury, and we would like a definite answer from them."

If the crown proceeds by way of summary conviction, trial is before a judge. Only if the crown elects to proceed by indictment, a more serious legal procedure, do the accused have a choice of trial by jury or by judge alone. □



Continued from page 3

Make up your minds

Whoever said gays don't swing both ways has obviously not been attending NGRC conferences lately. If they had, they'd have seen enough swinging and swaying to make their heads spin!

Take the case of membership, more exactly, the membership of Wages Due Lesbians in the NGRC. It was the very president of this organization, David Garmaise, who denounced Wages Due Lesbians for taking an illicit part in last year's National Gay Rights Conference in Saskatoon — that is, without full membership status. Okay, Mr President, you made a point. And we joined in Halifax this year. But wait! What's this? It's villain-wife again for Wages Due, or so we hear from *The Body Politic* in July. We're told that such distasteful behavior as attending a five-day conference for only three days — suspiciously missing the joining-up deadline — and announcing our intentions at the last minute in the plenary session deserves punishment. Quick! Find a way to rescind membership. But wait again! If you do this too many people will oppose it! What a bind!

Well, Wages Due Lesbians is not too worried because we know where we stand and where we're going. But you men ought to know that we fully support any attempt made to make up your minds, for once.

Boo Watson
Toronto

Conference blues

This year's conference in Halifax was a bit depressing despite good organising by the host group. But different people were depressed for different reasons. Some because the CLGRC did not fully deal with all the matters raised by sections of the movement that have become politically active in the last year or two, like lesbians, gay youth, and

prairie gays. Others, including me, because the conference *did* try to deal with all these matters.

It is good for all parts of the movement to come together annually, to discuss matters that go beyond the concerns of the Coalition and to share local experiences. But the focus in Halifax was not discussion; the focus was on getting the Coalition to pass resolutions on almost every conceivable subject. Fighting over resolutions on a broad range of issues has meaning at an NDP convention where the leadership of the party is being elected and given a certain mandate. But within the gay movement there is no provincial or national leadership with power over local groups. Decisions are made at the local level, so that is the place to resolve disagreements by voting.

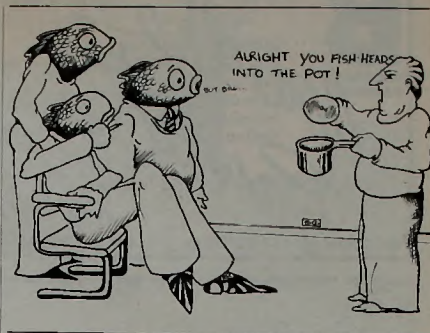
I agree with the suggestion in Hannon's analysis of the conference (TBP, August) that in future there be no voting on resolutions from workshops except for proposals which require country-wide coordination, like Days of Protest, and proposals for changes in the structure or published programme of the Coalition.

In other words, the nightmare of the last couple of conferences — the final plenary with its eight hours of resolutions and procedural wrangles — should be abolished. The conference can then become a true movement gathering, with a focus on information-sharing and on culture/social activities.

Brian Mossop
Toronto

50% lesbian control

In both your news report and summary of the 6th Annual Conference in Halifax (TBP, August), you stated that delegates voted to rescind the 50% lesbian control resolution adopted last year in Saskatoon. While delegates defeated a motion, proposed by the Prairie Gay Conference, which recommended one particular method of implementing the Saskatoon



toon resolution, you failed to note that delegates also defeated a second motion which would have specifically rescinded that resolution. What was rejected, then, was simply one method of implementation, and not the principle of 50% lesbian control itself.

In effect, the conference delegates remained committed to the principle adopted in Saskatoon, although there was no agreement on how to implement that principle. It is worth noting that the Prairie Gay Conference proposal was opposed by a majority of the women present at the final plenary, in the straw vote taken separately before the count of delegates representing Coalition member groups. Unfortunately, other business — some 70 resolutions from 40 different workshops — denied delegates the opportunity to consider any of the several other methods of implementing the Saskatoon resolution which have been proposed over the past

year.

Delegates to the Halifax Conference considered and approved a number of specific proposals intended to increase lesbian participation at annual conferences and within the Coalition. Two of these were noted in your wrap-up of conference resolutions — the travel equalization fund and the new executive co-ordinating committee, half of whose members will be women.

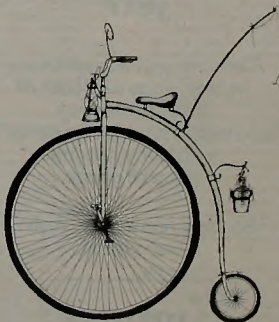
It is clear for many lesbians and gay men the Saskatoon resolution is still regarded as an important recognition of the principle that women participate in the organized Canadian movement on an equal basis. It would be unfortunate if your readers were left with the impression that the Halifax Conference, where gay men were again in the majority, has rejected that principle.

Mike Johnstone
CLGRC Co-ordinating Office
Ottawa

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DYKES

"At least you won't get pregnant."

"At least you won't get pregnant."

Many a dyke has heard that line. Unwanted pregnancy is not a common concern of gay men either — or even straight men for that matter.

There are connections between the oppression of lesbians, gay men, and what happens to women when they have to face the abortion laws. The connections are more than coincidental, and go beyond the fact that they are penalized by the same Criminal Code that so stringently limits access to abortion; that it is the poor among us who have most chance of running afoul of the law — or an abortion committee; that we have the same enemies.

Now, polls show that a majority of Canadians believe that the decision to have an abortion should be a matter of individual conscience. Many also believe that abortion, if not exactly legal, is at least readily available in our country. That is not the case. Abortion is proscribed by the same criminal code that forbids what is called "gross indecency." Unless, like gross indecency, certain restrictive conditions are met.

A woman may terminate an unwanted pregnancy only when she can convince a tangle of red-tape-insulated bureaucrats that her life and/or health are endangered. Bureaucratic tangles are not only degrading. They frequently create dangerous delays, and the committees behind them are often simply not there when a woman is in need. The law discriminates against women who are not middle-class, urban, and well enough connected to reach the few hospitals that actually have functioning abortion committees. As Tom Robinson laments in "Ain't Gonna Take It," "Abortion" — like the gay scene — "is only meant for the rich."

As the next federal election looms, even that kind of limited access is threatened. So-called "right-to-life" organizations have pledged to wage a campaign to remove "health" from the present law. That would make "danger to life" the only grounds for getting a legal abortion.

These groups plan to challenge candidates to support this move, and to campaign against those who do not. The views of "Right To Life" are shared by a minority of Canadians. But those views are supported by a well-organized, highly motivated and very vocal lobby. They also have a lot of money. The same kind of money, and from the same sources, as our friend Anita Bryant. In fact, Bryant and company are well-known in the US as self-appointed guardians of the United States.

Gay rights is not the only issue awaiting the separation of church and state.

The Judeo-Christian influence over our laws and lawmakers is both anti-gay and anti-woman because it is pro-sex roles and anti-sexual. It places greater importance on the unborn than it does the living. It is completely prepared to sacrifice women's lives to uphold its amazing concoction of faith and superstition.

No surprise, then, that a Judeo-Christian ethic maintains that sex exists for the sole purpose of procreation. Same-sex love is therefore quite inconceivable — and even *bona fide* heterosexuals may "indulge" in sex only if they are prepared to "pay" for the consequences. And that's pregnancy, whether planned or not. That women should end up "paying" for most of the consequences of what is, after all, largely a co-operative effort is not particularly remarkable — women's sexuality is seen as alibi in and of itself. That whole vision of sex and sexuality is a very effective way of ensuring the continuation of the heterosexual nuclear

family as the only "legitimate" form of relationship in our society.

That vision has no respect for the autonomy of the individual, or the right to differ from it. But it is a religiously based ideology whose power is waning in an increasingly secular society. As that happens, its supporters lobby more and more for the state to step in and take over.

Abortion laws, like gross indecency laws, create crimes where there are no victims. They attempt to legislate morality — to protect us from ourselves. Above all, they try to ensure that no one is freely enjoying his or her sexuality.

Some people have made hasty judgments against abortion law repeal, and often unwittingly base those judgments in attitudes like the above. Ever heard the rat on a cat? A woman should be denied access to abortion "because she should have taken precautions"? Aside from the fact that this is neither comforting nor practical, it also betrays an overwhelmingly punitive attitude. And whatever happened to that famous concern for the new and entirely blameless life that must be taken into account if a woman is forced to bear an unwanted child?

**"Now I personally have
nothing against either
pregnancy or
heterosexuality
each in its place.
But compulsory?"**

That concern for the rights of the unborn rings particularly hollow when it comes from a bible-thumping "right-to-life." So often it will be the same kind soul who has campaigned against funding for planned parenthood organizations. Or demands tight censorship of the literature discussed in high school English classes lest it shed light on human sexuality.

The crusaders for compulsory pregnancy are also the crusaders for compulsory heterosexuality. The reasons they advance are very frequently the same. Even the bogymen they conjure are the same: approaching moral and sexual anarchy, the collapse of the family, the dissolution of traditional values and standards of decency.

Now I personally have nothing against either pregnancy or heterosexuality, each in its place. The key word here is compulsory.

The women's rights movement has long fought for free access to abortion as "the right to choose." Struggles to be free of centuries of oppression have much to teach about what happens when one group of people forces its will on another. Women and gay people have learned those lessons. We are carrying on just those struggles — attempting to carry them forward, or defend ground already gained.

When a federal election rolls around, women's right to abortion will be on the line. If gay liberation makes clear and strong its links with this struggle, we can expect to see those same women standing behind us when our turn comes.

by Chris Bearchell □

September 1978



Police crackdown continues, 14 arrested in Sydney

Thousands march in largest demo to date

AUSTRALIA—Police brutality, arrests of gay demonstrators, an anti-gay visit from Mary Whitehouse, and the formation of a neo-Nazi party have commanded the attention of Australian gay rights organizations this summer. Meanwhile, 14 new police arrests have succeeded in creating dissension in the gay liberation movement itself.

Violence between gay demonstrators and Australian police flared for the second time in as many months when police indiscriminately arrested fourteen protesters during a two-hour peaceful demonstration in Sydney July 15. The demonstration was organized by the Gay Solidarity Group (GSG) to protest the brutal arrests of over 60 gay men and women when Sydney police attacked a demonstration of 2000 gays at King's Cross, June 24. King's Cross is in the heart of the Sydney gay ghetto.

The July 15 march of several thousand gays, Australia's largest to date, encountered few police until demonstrators arrived outside Darlinghurst Police Station, where the 60 arrested during the June clash had been detained. On arrival, protesters were greeted by policemen manning the station doors. Some marchers retaliated by throwing flour and sugar bombs, and chanting "break the doors down." While GSG organizers tried to disperse the volatile and confused crowd, police sirens touched off chaos and brawls of uniformed police screamed to the station. As demonstrators headed away from the station and into Oxford Street, Sydney's "gay mile," police arrested a random group of 11 women and 3 men. The crowd dispersed, but over 200 marchers regrouped in Hyde Park for a heated debate on the events.

The 14 arrested were released on bail, provided by a GSG defense fund, and appeared in court July 17 to hear charges of resisting arrest, hindering police, using inappropriate words, and offensive behavior. The cases were remanded for trial to later dates.

The potential for a split in the Australian gay movement arose when GSG called a meeting on July 20 to discuss strategy in the face of police attacks. Participants at the meeting engaged in heated debate over tactics. The division existed between groups who demanded confrontation with police to end the police terrorism, and groups who felt

that confrontation would destroy morale, create bad publicity, and scare away hundreds of homosexuals who had participated in the march. The meeting concluded without formulating plans for future action. GSG, which faces resignations in its own ranks over the issue, is planning future meetings to defuse the threat of a split at a time when the Australian movement faces attack from three directions.

Other gay groups, meanwhile, have protested the recent police actions. The largest ever gay rights demonstration in Melbourne, Australia's second largest city, took place July 7 when four hundred people protested outside the New South Wales Tourist Bureaus in both Adelaide and Brisbane in July. One man was arrested in the Brisbane demonstration.

In the midst of this struggle against police, Australian gays face a visit from English morals campaigner Mary Whitehouse, and the formation of an Australian branch of the British National Front, a neo-Nazi party.

Whitehouse is being brought to Australia by the anti-gay Festival of Light to give public addresses on child pornography and homosexuality. Gay groups across the country are planning to protest the one-month tour. Whitehouse successfully carried through a blasphemy suit against Britain's Gay News last year.

The new Australian branch of the National Front has already left its calling card with GSG. That organization received a handwritten note featuring a swastika and a pair of scissors. The note threatened castration without anesthesia for gays "when we take over this country." It also said: "Potheads are disgusting, unnatural disease carriers and drug addicts as well," and concluded with racist slogans.

In their counter-attack against the recent police offensives on Australian gays, GSG is calling on gay people and gay organizations to write or telegram Australian consulates or New South Wales Premier Neville Wran to protest the arrests of gay rights demonstrators. GSG is demanding that all charges against those arrested be dropped, and is calling for an end to discrimination against gay men and women.

Special to **TBP**
by Frank Wells

Gaysweek name rejected as 'immoral, scandalous'

The Patent and Trademark Office of the United States Department of Commerce has rejected an application to register the name Gaysweek because the proposed trademark is "immoral or scandalous."

"It is remarkable that anyone, even the (US) federal government, could find the word 'gay' to be immoral or scandalous in this day and age," said Michael Lavery, general counsel for the New York based gay weekly.

Gaysweek has been trying to have its name registered for over a year. The decision will be challenged.

Nurses support gay rights

The American Nurses Association's House of Delegates, meeting in Honolulu, adopted a resolution supporting the enactment of civil rights laws at the local, state and federal levels which would provide protection to persons regardless of sexual and affectional preferences.

"Nurses are concerned about the basic human rights of every individual," said Ethelrine Shaw, chairperson of the ANA Commission on Human Rights. "Wherever nurses practice, they want to give quality care to all persons regardless of their sexual preferences. Wherever nurses practice, they must be assured of equal employment and economic opportunities."

Briggs' aide charged with forgery

Officials in Los Angeles have arraigned a man charged with securing forged signatures for State Senator John Briggs' initiative calling for the firing of gay and pro-gay teachers.

William Crosby was charged with a violation of the State Election Code after allegedly hired Claudia Long to copy names off voter registration rolls onto Briggs' initiative petitions, and to "write in different styles." Long claims that Crosby gave her detailed instructions on how to sign names from one side of the street before signing those from the other side.

It is unclear whether Crosby was acting under orders from the Briggs campaign. Briggs claims that Crosby is a gay plant.

Two thousand people marched in Sydney July 15 to protest the arrest of 60 people June 24. High spirits turned to rage as police arrested 14 more. A frightened gay teacher makes a point about gay oppression above.

4000 in Seattle march to save rights ordinance

Four thousand Seattle gays marched through their city July 17 to oppose the attempt to repeal gay civil rights in the city. The march and rally were organized by the Washington Coalition for Sexual Minority Rights, a group which includes most of the city's organized gays.

"This is not the time to leave this fight to the slick, professional politicians. This is everyone's fight. This is not a time to hide, not a time to be quiet and hope that these people will go away. Fanatics do not go away," Dr. Katherine Bourne's speech climaxed the rally and was greeted with enthusiastic cheers from the crowd.

Gay rights are being challenged by Save Our Moral Ethics (SOME), a fundamentalist group organized by city policeperson David Estes. SOME recently received a donation from Anita Bryant's organization, Protect America's Children, and Bryant may come personally to help the campaign.

Estes, who is a Mormon, is having his petition circulated through the city's 30,000-strong Mormon Church. There are fears that the Mormons will put their substantial financial resources behind the campaign.

What did we do wrong?

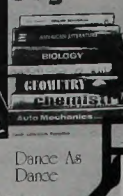
A study of 37 children being reared by lesbians or transsexual parents shows that 36 of the youngsters are heterosexually oriented, according to *Science News*, a New York publication.

Dr. Richard Green of the State University of New York commented that the results challenged basic psychoanalytic theory. "Both psychoanalysis and social reinforcement or role modeling views would predict that having a transsexual or homosexual parent would have a striking effect on a child's sexual identity development."

Green speculated that school, peer group members and their families, and even television programming expose the child to "conventional family styles and conventional styles of development."

PAUL GOODMAN
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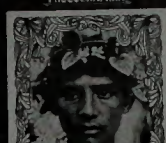


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THE MALE MUSE



New titles
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The
Gay
Health
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GROWING UP GAY, published by the Youth Liberation Press, this collection "is an eloquent account of the kind of pain and beauty that every young homosexual lives with from day to day."
No. 46 (12.50 + 20) \$1.70

A REASON TO KILL, Eve Zarembo's first novel, a murder mystery with a gay twist. "A rollicking romp through the genre of detective fiction," said *Gulf Coast*.
No. 47 (14.95 + 25) \$2.20

RIGHT HAND LEFT HAND by one of Canada's best loved poets, Dorothy Livesey, this is "a true life of the Thirties." Paris, Montreal, Toronto, the West and Vancouver; love, politics, the Depression and feminism. A powerful and moving documentary.
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AND GOD BLESS UNCLE HARRY and *Nis Roommate Jack*, Who Were Not Supposed to Talk About Cartoons collected from the New Yorker of gay magazines, Christopher Street.
No. 49 (22.95 + 23) \$3.20

PATH OF SNOW by E.A. Lazey. Poems written over a period of 22 years in a wide variety of countries and circumstances, by a man who describes himself gladly as a "decadent romantic traditionalist."
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THE DEFORMITY LOVER and other poems by Felice Picano, New York novelist and poet. "Unadorned, sensual and perceptive...very much about gay life."
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THE MALE MUSE, Ian Young's gay poetry anthology includes works by Allen Ginsberg, Paul Goodman, Thom Gunn, Christopher Isherwood, Harold Norse, and more.
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Our Image

The BP Review Supplement

Number 15

Publishers have been serving up a diet of new gay novels this year. Reviewer George Whitmore sampled eight and found it a varied feast.

Beer, baloney and champagne

There's a scene in the film *Modesty Blaise* where the character played by Dirk Bogarde is staked out hand and foot in the middle of the desert under a blazing sun. "Champagne," he croaks. "Champagne."

What with one thing and another, I've just trekked through more than a ...

GORDON MERRICK THE QUIRK

C.F. GRIFFIN

HAAKON

Crowell

Hansel & Gretel
in Beverly Hills

Sheila Weller

Morrow

Paul Monette TAKING CARE OF MRS. CARROLL

LITTLE, BROWN

DANCER FROM THE DANCE

ANDREW HOLLERAN

MORROW

NADER

Chrome

PUTNAM

FAGGOTS

LARRY KRAMER

RANDOM HOUSE

GORE VIDAL

KALKI

Champagne: "Dancer From the Dance is stunningly romantic and the fact that it doesn't have a single new idea in its silly head mustn't deter you from enjoying it to the fullest."

Baloney: "I don't mean to say that Faggots is merely not to my particular tastes. I want to warn you away from it."

dozen recently-published gay novels — eight of which are herein reviewed — and I have to admit to a champagne thirst after all the beer and baloney I've had to put up with. The worst of offenders shall go unnamed, save one or two. The gay novel is, I think, getting better — more of a real novel — and the new ones point out some new directions. But that's another article. . . .

Let's start with Gordon Merrick, whom we would ignore at our own peril, since he's called a lot of books, it nothing else. His latest offering is *The Quirk*, a paranoiac fantasy set in Paris in the early 1980s. Just as Merrick no longer bothers to publish in hardcover, he no longer pretends that gay love or gay identity — as in the Peter and Charlie books, *The Lord Won't Mind*, etc. — are his themes, and his predominant fantasy is in full flower in *The Quirk* — that of a big, butch man with a big cock who is, moreover, able to attack it up everyone, but everyone, in the course of a book. All Merrick's previous protagonists reach their apotheosis in Rod (get it?) MacIntyre in *The Quirk*. A desirable and understanding woman loves him and is mad for it. A cute young masochistic man services him and asks nothing but if in return. It doesn't harm the plot of *The Quirk* to reveal that the masochist, Patrice, dies at the end. His only function is to bring Rod out and, periodicaly, to bring him off, in sex scenes that are as perfunctory as they are bloodless. For we are here dealing not with any healthy sexual kind of masochism, but with the very worst variety, in which an author and readers must conspire together to strip a character down to the absolute basics and flay the soul out of him. In hard core pornography this would be obligatory. In a mass market paperback it's reprehensible. It seems to be Merrick's solution to dealing with gay material. In *The Quirk*, the very willing victim of his machinations easily represents every faggot who ever cruised the Place Vendôme.

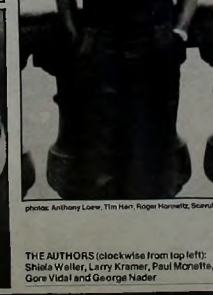
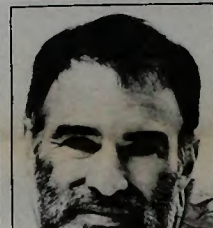
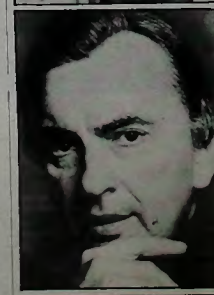
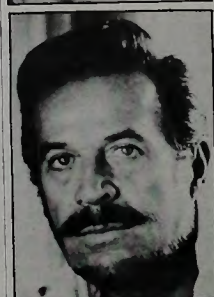
So it should be a relief to turn to a sympathetic, deeply felt novel like *Haakon*, by C.F. Griffin, which sincerely tries to deal with the dilemma of a straight-identified, middle-aged man and the forces that pull him from homo- to heterosexuality and back again. It should be, I say, because on one level at least it isn't. The problem with *Haakon* is certainly not homo-phobia or writing style (Merrick's is inexpressibly bad this time around) but with the period it's set in. This book is obviously a labour of love and a long time in the works. It's a novel set in the late 1940s that, if it had been published then, would have caused a sensation. The problem with its publication now is that it concerns the inability to be fucked, for instance, as we passed in fiction as are its creaking literary devices. *Haakon*'s very earnestness about these things and others, I'm afraid, renders it somewhat comic. And yet, there are passages (including a meditation on suicide) that are true and quite affecting. It was clearly worth publishing, but I don't know how much has to say to us in 1978. I'd simply have to say, see for yourself. I've seldom read a novel that has run hot and cold quite like this one.

George Vidal's *Kalki* can be called a gay novel only by virtue of its being written by the author of *City and the Pillar* (to which *Haakon* compares rather favorably and

The novels:

The Quirk
Gordon Merrick
Avon, 1978, \$2.25
Haakon
C.F. Griffin
Crowell (Fitzhenry & Whiteside in Canada), 1978, \$12.95
Kalki
Gore Vidal
Random House, 1978, \$12.50
Chrome
George Nader
Putman (Longman in Canada), \$11.75

Hansel and Gretel in Beverly Hills
Shella Weiler
Morrow (Gage in Canada), 1978, \$11.75
Taking Care of Mrs Carroll
Paul Monette
Little, Brown & McClelland & Stewart (in Canada), 1978, \$10.00
Dancer from the Dance
Andrew Holleran
Morrow (Gage in Canada), 1978, \$12.95
Faggots
Larry Kramer
Random House, 1978, \$13.75



photos: Anthony Lane, Tim Hain, Roger Hornum, Scotty

THE AUTHORS (clockwise from top left): Sheila Weiler, Larry Kramer, Paul Monette, Gore Vidal and George Nader

because he is perhaps the most prominent self-styled bisexual in Western letters. Those should be qualifications enough. It is the overall point of view Vidal adapts for these "amusements" that can teach us about the direction of the modern gay novel, and he can be said to have provided us with a suitable voice in his heroine, Teddy Ottinger, a red-blooded bisexual woman (and world renowned "aviatrix") whose lesbianism is more clearly defined and credible than are her occasional lapses into heterosexuality. She functions, of course, as a multipiece for the author: on the subjects of feminism (I believe hers), overpopulation, religious fanaticism, politics and show business (which Vidal quite logically sees as one and the same). *Kalki* is a novel of future shock, but it doesn't so much take place in the future as it stretches the present to the breaking point. Essentially, it tries to show what would happen if all the fears of America's sexual conservatives were to come true, if procreation were a rational and controlled business instead of the mish-mash it is now, and if the mysticism endemic to the 1970s were wedded to the technocracy of the 1980s. The result is amusing and chilling. A better book than *Myra Breckinridge*, but less playful. In *Kalki*, Vidal as Teddy challenges Erica Long and her ilk on their own ground. He obviously feels himself to be the better woman. In some ways, he is.

I must say, however, that I enjoyed George Nader's *Chrome* more than *Kalki*. I'm sure my pleasure with *Chrome* is due, though, to having had a typically repressed faggot adolescence. You see, Nader takes us into the 22nd Century and turns us into 18-year-old space cadets. The jacket calls this book "future fiction," as opposed to science fiction, and it's right insofar as the sci-fi elements are strictly window dressing for the central metaphor of the book, which is *It Is Death to Love a Robot*. I'll let you figure that one out for yourself. I'll just say here that it works as gay lit.

Chrome is an amalgam of all those 1950s outer space movies and something close to Orwell's *Brave New World*. It details the consequences of genetic meddling, as does *Kalki*, but it's really about coming out into a dream world fraught with tangible and bizarre horrors that stand for the more intangible, equally grotesque, obstacles that face any young gay person growing up in the present. I have a hunch the book is going to be very popular with people like me, who never had a chance to escape into this kind of *Jeux d'esprit* at the proper age. As if I or Hobbit freaks, and with teenage gays, into whose hands it should be placed by kindly uncles whom they might imagine to be King Vortex, the idol of all space cadets of whatever age.

From the advance reviews in the gay press, I think you'll find the review I hate or love *Hansel and Gretel in Beverly Hills* by Shella Weiler. As your intrepid reviewer, I have, of course, the obligation to do both, alternately and in tandem. I found myself loving it most of the time. What I didn't like (and what people have complained about) is being presented with a stereotypical fag hairdresser. What's surprising is that I can't cheap trick to humanize him (he's the foster parent to a little South American,

"A Bigger Splash..."

...is like no film you have ever seen before...creates an extraordinary sense of intimacy (with the subject), but at the same time there's a remote, formal, dreamlike quality about the film which seems so often to mirror Hockney's own style as a painter. There is no film which sets up so many intriguing vibrations between an artist's life and his work, the moods, the rhythms, the motifs, the obsessions that link the two worlds together.

"No less remarkable is the attitude of easy, unpolitical acceptance the film has towards the homosexual milieu in which it is set. The film's male love scene is so tenderly and unaggressively staged that it is hard to imagine anyone finding it offensive: while elsewhere the ups and downs of personal relationships between men are documented as simply and thoroughly as they would be in a film about men and women." "When love goes wrong, there's more than two people (who) suffer," intones a lugubrious Mo at one point; and as much as a portrait of Hockney the film is a study of the emotional ripples that spread out through a whole related group of people when one of them receives a personal blow or disappointment.

"Remarkable...one of the best films about an artist that I have seen."

— Nigel Andrews, *The Financial Times*

"A remarkable film, a voyage round the painter David Hockney that takes in not only his work and his private life, but also a whole ambience we have come to recognize as part and parcel of the swinging sixties scene. Neither documentary nor fiction, its attempted combination of the two succeeds beyond expectations."

— Derek Malcolm, *The Guardian*

"A starter, partly in its extraordinary beauty of colour and image, partly in its homosexual frankness."

— Dilys Powell, *The Sunday Times*

"An experience and a masterpiece, not to be missed."

— Films and Filming

...COMING SOON

The Body Politic
is pleased to announce

The Great Canadian Lesbian Fiction Contest

1st prize \$400
2nd prize \$200, 3rd prize \$100
Judges: Jane Rule & Marie-Claire Blais

How it came to be

"I don't know any other Canadian lesbian writers," Jane Rule said when she was interviewed by TBP's couple of years ago. Then, just recently, after talking with Marie-Claire Blais, Jane announced she had accepted a fiction contest for Canadian lesbian writers. She and Marie-Claire offered to judge the entries. And we would publish the winners. We kept at the chance, of course.

Who can enter

Entries must be citizens or residents of Canada. Stories must be submitted over author's real names. Winning stories may be published over pseudonyms. Prizes will be awarded. The Body Politic will retain the option of first North American publication rights, but final copyright will remain with the authors.

What to write

The contest will be for short fiction by lesbians and with lesbian relevance. (No poetry please.) Stories should be between 2500 and 3000 words. Manuscripts must be typewritten, double-spaced, on 8 1/2 x 11 paper. Two copies of each manuscript will be required. Stories cannot be returned, so please keep a copy for yourself.

When does it all happen? Entry deadline is December 31, 1978. Results will be announced in the April issue of *The Body Politic*. The winning story will be published in May and the runner-up at any time after that. Entries are of sufficient quality and quantity. (Think Triangle Press may publish an anthology of the best short fiction.)

What you can win: Prizes and honour can be yours. First prize is \$400 and publication in *The Body Politic*. Second prize is \$200 and 3 Thirds \$100.

The Great Canadian Lesbian Fiction Contest.
c/o The Body Politic, Box 7289, St. A. Toronto, Ontario, M5W 1X9.

life with the same brush Fitzgerald used to render *Gatsby*. *Dancer* is stunningly romantic and the fact that it doesn't have a single new idea in its silly head mustn't deter you from enjoying it to the fullest. For it's also a very clever book and its style is such that it reminds us that art can be forgiven just about anything—even characters who live to dance, whether it's in the bowels of Gotham or out on the Dangerous Island. Happily, they are multi-dimensional characters, funny and tragic at the same time, the logical and perfect extensions of those in Ford and Tyler's *The Young and Evil* (1933) and in Vidal's own *A Thirsty Evil* (1959)—even of the wisecracks in *The Importance of Being Earnest*. *Christopher Street Magazine* billed *Dancer* as the best gay novel of the year. It is that. Next year? Or quite possibly.

I think Larry Kramer intended to write a gay *Candy*, a big, profane sendup of gay life. I'm sure he didn't mean to write a homophobic book. And certainly he intended to write a biting satire. Unfortunately, all gay people (no quarter) get the blame in *Faggots*. This is a big book—even though it took as long as it was written in four weeks. It was actually more like four years—published by a big New York house. I'd rather it were smaller (there's a good novel about it) and with its distribution possibilities being nil. I don't usually feel this way about any book, but my sentiments on *Faggots* are running to the totalitarian at present. After having been dragged through an S-M bog that's supposedly meant to be the Meat Rack on Fire Island, having been assaulted repeatedly from both sides and each end—by Kramer's characters and his excremental prose, I don't know which is worse—after having been kicked and punched into submission for 355 galley pages by Kramer's Borcht Sell-cum-Philip Roth schtick, I don't feel very temperate. I don't mean to say that *Faggots* is merely not to my particular taste. I want to warn you away from it. Any book that treats the Everard Baths film on the same level as a character's inability to shit has something fundamentally and profoundly wrong with it.

Champagne. Champagne.... □



Hardly an unbiased reviewer, New Yorker George Whitmore is a just writer and poet. His book of poems, *Getting Gay* in New York, is purchased from *Cat* list Press.

for instance) work so well that one can overlook his mannerisms (a tedious self-deprecation, for instance). These mannerisms are easier to overlook in real life than they are in fiction, but Weiler has a genuine understanding of her character and his relationship with Lillian, the book's narrator, a Beverly Hills Jew (self-described). Lillian and Ronald both wallow in their inability to find someone upon which to bestow the deep reserves of love they have, and find at the end that some measure of that love can best be spent on each other. No sex here, which is quite refreshing. And should add right away that the book is very, very funny, in a style somewhere between Jane Austen (really) and Joan Rivers, without the misogyny. *Heaven and Grief* qualifies as a gay novel because it has a real appreciation of the lackiness we all have to endure getting from here to there—wherever there turns out to be—with a little help from our friends. Pretend summer is still here and read it by the fire in your gym shorts.

Paul Monette's *Taking Care of Mrs. Carroll* also deals with relationships that are forced to define themselves out of the mirror-mirror world of institutionalized heterosexuality. Monette must, I think, have impeccable politics, but he doesn't let that get in the way of writing good fiction. So we have an entertaining book full of all gay lib types can really relate to.

Mrs Carroll herself dies at the outset, a little earlier than she had planned, and the plot concerns efforts to attend to her while her mansion and grounds on the Massachusetts shore not fall into the hands of her ungrateful, craven children. Her caretaker and the young man who was "taking care" of her at the end set the scheme in motion and recruit his former lover and Madeleine Cosgrove (an aging but ageless movie queen à la Marlene Dietrich). The ins and outs of their summer's deception are amusingly and deftly drawn.

Gayness is an ambience and a given in Mrs Carroll, instead of being a problem or an issue. Although the writing is mannered—a poet's first novel, it gets a little bumpy in places and is often more obtuse than it has to be—Monette is an especially evocative writer. The landscape, grounds, the house itself—all are as concrete as the characters, who are very concrete indeed. The book was allegedly "dumped" by its publisher. It shouldn't have been. Of all the current gay novels (and there are going to be more than we need or want) Mrs Carroll should have been most assured of having a "crossover" success into the general market. I hope I do.

There isn't space for me to point out the kind of comparison of *Faggots* and *Dancer* from the *Dancer* that I'd like to, or that the ethics and imperatives of reviewing dictate. I can say, however, with few qualifications, that *Faggots* is as sleazy an attempt at "gay" writing as *Dancer* is a near masterpiece. Both books deal with the same milieu (Manhattan faggoty) and both are irritating, if properly, conservative—as belittles satire. But whereas Kramer (an established writer of evident talent) attempts to lampoon the "new gay lifestyle" and ends up writing an offensive and anti-gay tract, Holleran (who feels he has to write under a pen name) takes the same material and paints gay

Dance



Peter Sparling, guest artist with Toronto Dance Theatre

Atlantis

Toronto Dance Theatre
Royal Alexandra Theatre
August 15-16, 1978

Toronto Dance Theatre has been around for almost 10 years. Considering the conservatism of the Canadian dance public, that fact is wonder enough. It is not only hard on though, it has managed to build an exciting repertoire and a devoted, if small, following. Gays have always formed a sizable part of this following and it's easy to see why: the sexual ambivalence that critics and the more conservative element of the dance public have scolded in the company image and the rep provides a welcome alternative to the rigid sexuality of classical ballet.

How good it was then to see one of the company's most exotic forays into ambivalent worlds performed again after four years in storage. *Atlantis*, given recently as part of a brief season at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, is the work of David Earle, one of the Dance Theatre's three artistic directors. With the collaboration of designer Astrid Janson and composer Robert Daigneault, Earle has created a unique, lyrical impression of the submerged continent of Atlantis. You first see the dancers themselves submerged under a sea of white gauze. As they surface slowly, tantalizingly in their near-nakedness, you really feel that an antique culture is being born again.

The dancers' emergence is followed by four sections depicting athletic competitions, mating rituals, a violent, sexual hunt some in which the victim is a Minotaur-like creature, and silvery white temple rites.

The mating rituals consist of three

duets — one male-female, one male-male, and one female-female — performed more or less in canon fashion. Although each of these duets is marked by tenderness and performed with all the sensuousness of swimmers in a tropical sea, partners are not fixed; one of the women in the lesbian duet moves on with the woman in the straight duet while the latter's partner dances with one of the gay lovers, the other gay lover meanwhile joining the lone woman of the first lesbian duet. This easy flow from gay love to straight and vice versa doesn't suggest the bisexual chic so pervasive in our label-phobic and non-committal society, but rather the open, unabashed sexuality central to the harmonious civilization Earle has imagined Atlantis to be. Also, in the sheer physical beauty of the gay duets lies that positive reinforcement of gay love missing from most dance statements that purport to deal explicitly with homosexuality.

These duets in *Atlantis* marked a kind of climax in Earle's exploration of sexual ambivalence, an exploration you could see beginning in the *Angelic Visitations* of 11 years ago, and carrying right through from *Baroque Suite*, *A Thread of Sand*, and *Portrait* up to last season's *Mythos*. This exploration Earle himself has described as an over-riding preoccupation with the vicissitudes of love. Because his explorations usually take place within a specific historical context (European history being another of Earle's preoccupations), some might accuse the choreographer of using history to distance himself — and us — from his subject, to make it acceptable — especially when it's as explicit as it is in *Atlantis* — by rendering it curious and

erotic. But the specific historical contexts — whether eighteenth-century France, post-civilization Holy Land, or a world before anything we know from schoolbooks — have generally tended to have the opposite effect: that is, make the specific universal and the distant immediate. You are seduced by the breathtaking landscapes of Earle's dances, seduced and made vulnerable to the "lessons" they conceal. But, of course, the most politically effective art has always worked this way.

On the verge of its tenth anniversary, Toronto Dance Theatre is preparing to revise several works that were especially significant to its growth as Canada's first and longest-running modern dance company. Significant as well to the many gay devotees of TDT as a symbol of that company's libertarian sexual spirit.

Atlantis, too, will be presented again next spring during a gala birthday season at the St Lawrence Centre. See it for its own sake, of course. And see it for yourself.

by Graham Jackson □

Periodicals

Sexual Law Reporter
1800 North Highland Ave, No 106,
Los Angeles, CA 90028, USA

News reporting services, case reports series and periodicals are published for lawyers, law students and legal workers in almost every field of legal specialization. But until 1975 there was no publication dealing with the concerns of legal workers handling women's, lesbian, gay or other sex-related matters. For the past three years, however, Tom Coleman, a Los Angeles attorney, has been publishing the now-quarterly *Sexual Law Reporter* with the assistance of the National Committee for Sexual Civil Liberties and the Playboy Foundation (yes!).

The subject matter covered by the *Reporter* is broad — everything from abortion to freedom of association, and criticism to bewdy houses, rape, lesbians and the military, teachers and sodomy. In short, the whole area of sexual privacy and sexual civil liberties. Each issue includes: articles analyzing case law developments, details of recent government administrative rulings, summaries of legislative introductions and pending, recent court decisions, and summaries of relevant books and periodical articles. Although primarily legally-oriented the material is sufficiently accessible for the non-specialized reader.

There are some drawbacks. The material is almost exclusively American. It could probably be too ambitious to try to cover what is happening all over the world, but at present the material has limited practical use for Canadians. Very rarely can something in Canadian courts. Also, there simply isn't the space at the moment, apparently, to provide in-depth analytical articles about particular areas of the law or kinds of cases.

Although it is admirable that the Playboy Foundation seems to fund a number of worthwhile projects, there are problematic contradictions as the Foundation's money comes from magazines and clubs that objectify, oppress, and insult women.

by Paul Trollope □

Subscription rates for the quarterly *Sexual Law Reporter* are: \$15 for individuals, \$10 for libraries and \$25 for institutions (in US funds).

File

Summer, 1978

Ten years ago three Toronto artists changed their names and began working together as A. Bronson, Felix Partz, and Jorge Zontal. Their life's work, they decided, would be the development of a collective identity as "General Idea" and since then, through performances, installations, video, film, and print, they have developed not just a group identity, but a huge mythology surrounding a variety of interests and obsessions.

They were never inspired so much by the classics as they were by popular culture — endless hours were spent

plunging through discarded images and arcane bits of information like those found in old copies of *Life*. From the very beginning they defined themselves as cultural anthropologists, and it was with this interest in mind that General Idea began publishing *File* magazine.

Different issues have taken different themes: from correspondence art to European body art, from punk to a special Paris Issue (Paris, Ontario, that is). One whole issue was given to a detailed investigation of "Glamour" — at once seductive and macabre, including ally-posed questions about sexuality, objectification, and of course, lots of fashion pics. Now, on the tenth anniversary, General Idea devoted the latest *File* to wishing themselves a happy birthday.

The issue is mainly a survey of their current work. To explain it very simply, they stage performances which take the form of beauty pageants. Starting in 1968 they crowned Miss General Idea every year, but after five queens they decided to put all their energies into a blockbuster pageant in 1984, and hold "rehearsals" in the interim.

The beauty pageant operates on one hand as an analogy for the world, where beauty competes for dubious prizes, and on the other hand, as a means of fleshing out the overwhelming manipulation as well as the irrational attraction of a spectacle.

1984 implies the excitement and visionary quality given to any discussion of the future, combined with unsettling doses of projected social control. 1984 is one recurring theme throughout the issue, the other of course, is the nostalgia involved in ten years together. So through a typically convoluted logic, the overriding theme of the issue becomes a kind of nostalgia for the future. Or as the first Miss General Idea, Mimi Palice, says, "I know there's only six years to 1984 but it still feels like yesterday."

There are two predictable reactions to General Idea: one is to condemn them as "decadents," the other is to pass them off as frivolous and inconsequential. Both of these criticisms reflect the same prejudice, one which has always faced gay (male) culture. The cutting irony, the overtones of paradox, which is manifest throughout General Idea's work, have their historic antecedents in, among other things, what is loosely called "camp." Heterosexual sensibilities recognize a gay aesthetic and it registers immediately as sinister or like



hairdressing and interior design pretty but useless.

However, the criticisms don't end there. Some people find the ambiguity of their work difficult to handle. That General Idea never chooses to tell just one side of the story, leaves behind many who only want things explained to them. If the root of drama is conflict, then let's say General Idea reveals the conflict of the meanings in and out of focus; they illuminate their subjects as complex phenomena, with series of implications / attractions embedded within them. As a result the repulsive attractions produces a crisis of meaning. As the editorial states: "The nature of criticism, like the nature of puns, is to pull a text into crisis. The nature of our work then is 'critical' as opposed to descriptive. And the crisis is 1984."

by Tim Gouat □
September 1978

"THREE GENUINE MUSICAL
TALENTS" New York Times

"ONE OF THE NICEST THINGS TO
HAPPEN MUSICALLY SINCE THE
ANDREWS SISTERS" Los Angeles Times

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Books

EM Forster: A Life

Volume Two: Polycrates Ring (1914-1970)

PN Furbank
Secker & Warburg, 1978, \$22.95

Over the later life of EM Forster there are two large question marks. Was he right never to publish *Maurice*? Is it true that oppression is good for the artistic soul? The second is the one that interests us most.

In Forster's case, his own self-oppression, so obvious in the first volume of Furbank's biography, gradually receded up by the story of Polycrates's ring which gives this volume its title. The story is one in which the too-successful man is abandoned as doomed by his friends. Forster feared even wealth and fame. He was a late Victorian in more than his love of detail or his hatred of machinery. And it was appropriate that Lytton Strachey, who launched the Bloomsbury attack on Victorian humbug, should have spotted that the love scenes in *Maurice* were "rather diseased," not for the usual reasons but because they were apologetic and squeamish.

Forster himself recognised that *Maurice* was a sort of wish-fulfilment. He kept tinkering with the ending of it for most of his life. Clearly it was very significant for him that Maurice did not "sink through life furive and afraid." But for Forster, obviously an awkward man physically, the physical was always a problem. Whatever one thinks of orgies, there is something a little sad about this remark late in life. "Orgies are so important, and they are things one knows nothing about."

Friendship was dearer to Forster than country, and perhaps Forster's most successful friendship, at least in narrative terms, was with composer Benjamin Britten. That Britten's decision to return to England in 1942 should have depended on his reading an article by Forster is itself like an incident from one of Forster's novels. And *Billy Budd* is a great opera and, largely because of Forster's talents, a superb celebration of the beautiful and innocent male destroyed by the forces of darkness.

It would be good to think that Forster's survival unscathed from the dreary cloister of Cambridge was due not only to his having a London flat but also to his involvement in the fight for Civil Liberties. He was an early President of the NCCL and spoke in 1935 of the dangers of what he called "Fazio-fascist" dictatorship "working quietly away behind the facade of constitutional forms, passing a little law (like the Sedition Act) here, endorsing a departmental tyranny there, emphasizing the national need of secrecy everywhere, and whispering and cooing the so-called 'news' every evening over the wireless, until opposition is tamed and gullied."

Those remarks jump out at us now, as indeed they must at Peter Worthington. And yet Forster recognised that the famous prosecution of *The Well of Loneliness* in 1928 (see page 23) was manipulation of the mob by the popular press. Sixty years ago he wrote that the "cynics who govern us secretly" gloat at the ability of cheap journalism to deflect people from serious and important issues to the trifles of show-biz personalities. He thought the worst treason was the phrase "I couldn't care less."

Over all this brooded the unapproachability of *Maurice*, the "cramp" inflicted on Forster by society for most of the rest of his life. Like black history, homosexuality did not exist, and the consequence was that the artist was imprisoned with the incommunicable. He "thrust his gift in prison till it died" (as Auden wrote of Matthew Arnold), but it was Forster's society that did the imprisoning. If oppression had sharpened his sensibility nonetheless it destroyed his art.

Forster knew that the penalty of passion long denied was a death not only of the body but the spirit. Furbank says that he had only one point of view in his fiction — that of the outsider, distressed and detached. If that was his weakness it

was also his strength, and it was doubtless a result of his being gay.

The wars are here in this biography, but Forster is not diminished by them. He wanted, he said, his biography to tell "everything," and it would seem it does. He wanted too, for his immortality, to lie at last in the arms of his own character, Stephen from *The Longest Journey*.

And he does — and he does.

by Douglas Chambers

Rat and the Devil

Journal Letters of
FO Matthiessen
and Russell Cheney
Louis Hyde, ed
Archon Books (Pendragon House
in Canada), 1978, \$21.90

The relationship of the American literary critic, FO Matthiessen, and his lover, painter Russell Cheney, is almost ideal for understanding what it was to be gay

love you. They began early to use nicknames; Cheney was Rat and Matthiessen was the Devil. Their repertoire expanded with the years: Weeds, Creature, Branchy, Deezy, and often fella and feller.

They explored the subject of homosexuality together and shared their reading: Edward Carpenter's *The Intermediate Sex* was read and discussed; Freud, oddly enough, was never mentioned. They worried about how to define their relationship (was it a marriage?) and thrashed out "the question of labels." When Matthiessen suggests they tell some of their close friends of their love for each other, Cheney is horrified and writes back that perhaps their "physical connections" should end. Matthiessen prevailed in their limited coming out but it caused the older Cheney much fear of exposure and rejection.

Like most long-lasting relationships, theirs had a reciprocity of support. Matthiessen calmed, caressed and threatened Cheney out of much of his de-

that it clearly was, his focus is slightly off and one feels there were letters of much interest and value not published here. In his introduction Hyde states: "the sex element in this correspondence should be emphasized no more or less than if the two protagonists had been man and wife." But this collection of letters is one of the few records of homosexual love from that period. Considering this, we must wish that Hyde had made it more complete. Numerous times the two write how important sexual fidelity is, yet Hyde tells us there were "lapses from grace" which were "so corralingly concealed by each to the other." None of these letters appear.

Hyde quotes a suggestion from the *Dictionary of American Biography* that, while teaching at Harvard, Matthiessen moved in a circle "more predominantly heterosexual than was usual in Harvard literary groups of the time and that he was unusually hostile to homosexual colleagues who mixed the academic and sexual relations." Indeed the pre-

● TE Lawrence: "Speed is the second oldest animal craving in our nature."



● EM Forster: "Orgies are so important, and they are things one knows nothing about."



● Russell Cheney (l) to FO Matthiessen: "Dear dear Dev — gosh you're a slick feller."

in North America between the two world wars. During the twenty years they were lovers more than 3,100 letters passed between them. Most of them, one must assume, the sheer love of it made them letter writers. Matthiessen's schooling and later his teaching assignments, coupled with Cheney's inability to reside in a cold climate because of tuberculosis and asthma, meant they spent large chunks of each year apart. They had to write when most of us would speak.

They met in 1924 while en route to Europe. Matthiessen was 22 and Cheney 43. The early letters are sentimental and full of professions of love: "Dear dear Dev — gosh you're a slick feller." "In love we are one — inseparable. The only way I can tell how much you care for me is to look inside my heart, and see how much I

structive drinking. It seems unlikely that the quality and quantity of Cheney's output would have been as high had it not been for Matthiessen's watchful eye. When Matthiessen suffered a break-down in the late 30s, Cheney's letters are calm and supportive, communicating a loving strength. "I fight my own devil who whispers I have drained too much life from you by my constant demand and lately for help and backing — and even if it is partly true I am here and solid to back you now."

In 1945 Cheney died of a heart attack. Five years later, feeling useless and alone, Matthiessen jumped to his death from a hotel window. In a final note he wrote, "I am exhausted."

Louis Hyde, an old friend of both men, has edited this volume. Labour of love,

ponderance of friends mentioned in the letters appear to be heterosexual. Why did they even homosexual friends? Surely some of the letters must touch on it, even indirectly. Nonpare printed.

Notwithstanding such limitations, this collection of letters is an important and fascinating look at gay love in the first half of this century. It breathes with the love and intelligence of two men who wished one had known.

by Paul F Pearce

COMING SOON
History of US homophile movement in the McCarthy 50s.

A Prince of our Disorder

The Life of TE Lawrence
John E Mack (McClelland & Stewart in Canada) Little, Brown, 1978, \$8.75

TE Lawrence

Desmond Stewart (Thomas Nelson in Canada) Hamish Hamilton, 1977, \$18.50

Solitary in the Ranks: Lawrence of Arabia as Alman and Private Soldier

H Montgomery Hyde
Longman Canada, 1977, \$20.95

Thomas Edward Lawrence ("Lawrence of Arabia") has been variously depicted over the years as a partisan of the Arab cause and as a British agent; as a flamboyant exhibitionist and a painfully shy self-deprecator, as a leader and a masochist, as a hostile ascetic and a fervent homosexual. What make Lawrence so fascinating is that all these descriptions are true ones.

The first Lawrence biography to appear was by Anglo-Irish archaeologist who pursued for Britain, led an Arab army against the Turks in the First World War, and then fled his "celebrity" status to become a solitary and a recluse. The ordinary soldier, was one of the most complex and intriguing public figures of the Twentieth century.

The first Lawrence biographies to appear were glorifications which ignored or glossed over some of the more outrageous aspects of his hero's psyche. Later, in reaction to this, attempts were made, notably by Richard Adington, to suggest that Lawrence's achievements and public image were almost totally fraudulent. Since then, a host of commentators have tried to uncover the truth, hampered not only by Lawrence's evasiveness, but by their own biases and the British government's unwillingness to release pertinent official and private documents.

The various controversies involved cannot even be summarized here, but a recently contended point has always been the nature of Lawrence's sexuality (if any): some writers have insisted that, like a Victorian Christ, he had none. There is considerable evidence that Lawrence was revolted by the idea of heterosexual intercourse, sometimes fascinated but by personally uninvolved in the usual forms of gay sex (though strongly attracted to good-looking young men) and achieved his most powerful sexual satisfaction from being whipped by hand—some young man.

All this is tough, is too much for most writers on Lawrence to accept. Christopher Sykes, in a new introduction to Richard Adington's "debanking" study of Lawrence, maintains that Lawrence cannot have been homosexual as "those who knew the man best" did not believe it, which seems rather to beg the question! Sykes's assumption that the young man Lawrence persecuted to beat him "were not themselves homosexual" would, he says, "deprive the experience of any ele-

ment of fun." The brazen reality of such scholars recalls R.R. Sheppard's firm assertion that Oscar Wilde must surely have sought out male sex partners because he was epileptic and didn't know what he was doing.

Two of the three most recent studies of TE rise far above this lamentable standard. John E. Mack's *A Prince of Our Disorder* is a lengthy examination of Lawrence, concentrating on the psychiatric dimensions of his personality. Though the organization of the book is rather complicated, it is far more readable and thoughtful than most "psycho-biographies," and Mack's speculation of Lawrence's personality and sexual nature is insightful and judicious.

Desmond Stewart's equally sensible *TE Lawrence* does not dwell on Lawrence's war-time campaigns as much as most other studies. Its main interest is perhaps in the new theories it offers on the notorious "Dera incident" and on Lawrence's death. Stewart's revisionist account of the truth behind Dera (Lawrence's alleged traumatic encounter with a Siropi Casement, the homosexual and brutal soldiers) is convincing and fascinating. His suggestion that the British government had something to do with Lawrence's death is less so.

H Montgomery Hyde's *Solitary in the Ranks* focuses on Lawrence's career in the RAF and Royal Tank Corps from 1922 until shortly before his death in 1935. Hyde's account is an interesting one. He writes that one of Lawrence's contemplated literary projects was a defence of Sir Roger Casement, the homosexual Irish revolutionary executed by the English. Lawrence never began the project as the government would not grant access to the necessary papers. But Hyde maintains there is "no evidence" that Lawrence was homosexual (he would presumably require photographs) and suggests that the whippings should be regarded as "a form of penance" rather than of "sexual deviation" — a distinction which escapes me.

TE Lawrence's life will always be of interest and his personal chronicle of his part in the desert war, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, though now under-rated, is sure to come into its own again. The current state of studies will not be the last, and, I must be remembered, some of the papers are still kept under lock and key by Her Majesty — for our protection.

by Ian Young □

Like a Brother, Like a Lover

Male Homosexuality in the American Novel and Theatre

from Herman Melville to James Baldwin
Georges-Michel Sarrate
Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1978, \$11.95

Homosexuality and Literature 1890-1930

Jeffrey Meyers
McGill-Queen's University Press, 1977, \$12.00

There may not be a common gay experience, but there are continuities and, pardon the expression, family resemblances between the different lives of gays today and in the past. Gay historians and critics will be trying to articulate these continuities for several decades hence.

When homosexuality in literature has been dealt with in the past, it has usually been treated subordinately, at the fringe of experience. And then usually in discreetly individual cases. Both of these books take on a problem no single book has addressed before: how, in a range of male writers and a range of sexual cultures, does homosexuality link them?

Jeffrey Meyers poses the questions about European novelists such as Gide, Mann, Proust, and D.H. Lawrence, (he seems unwilling to risk facing a writer who does not already meet the hetero-

sexual literary standards of the age.) Carefully selecting a few novels to discuss, Meyers' study recounts plots with interpretive emphasis on their homosexual aspects.

Georges-Michel Sarrate poses the questions about American novelists and dramatists from the 1840s to the 80s, touching on many greater and lesser known writers in his survey. He thinks archetypally. Indeed, he is a mad categorizer, with rather headings such as "Four Archetypes of the Homosexual Couple" "Three Categories of Homosexual." He borrows (from Frenzel), he says, three terms for the ranges of homosexual experience: "homocriticism," "homosexuality," and "homogentialism."

Despite their differences, Meyers and Sarrate both value oppression as a producer of homosexual art. Meyers says he admires three qualities in (any) literary, sublimated, allusiveness, and symbolism. These he finds in homosexual novels to be anti-homosexual oppression. He puts it baldly: "The emancipation of the homosexual had led, paradoxically, to the decline of his art." His argument is lucid, consistent with itself, and often nicely put, but wrong since it fails to require into good homosexual art following, or rather, during, emancipation. (Why would a gay Isherwood, one asks, be any less subtle, etc., than a straight Yeats?) Assuming that gay liberation washes away these qualities, rather than altering perhaps their appearances, is silly.

Sarrate seems far less elegant a writer, no doubt partly because this book is translated from the French but more likely because the original is a condensed dissertation. He does not seek overall consistency, constructing rather a patchwork of small systems.

(Not an advertisement)

A Drone With Cologne Is Still A Drone

clone. (GK klon, twig, slip, akin to GK klan, to break); the aggregate of the sexually produced progeny of an individual. Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary.

Disco Bunnies: Discerning the essential, sensual YOU

Every era fashions its pervasive style. Such style becomes the window dressing for the much-copied-look in both manner and dress. Today's look is best described as a nacho-flavoured macho — or, more accurately put, clone. To become a clone, you must have a mustache ("But, wear a mustache!"), falling thin, a t-shirt of Vic Tanny proportions. Clone-chat is always minimal and revolves around these controversial exclamations: "hunks," "poppers," "barbells and workcuts," "jopping," "spinach salads" and "interior decorating."

The persona of this pose is uneasily butch. Accoutrements of clone often em-

His main argument is, well, queer — that homosexuality is itself not neurotic, but it could not help but become neurotic in America as a result of North American homophobia. To Sarrate, we're all neurotic, although in different ways. "Could anyone be a well-adjusted homosexual in the US of the 1950s?" he asks. Yes, one must say, and if you'd read Isherwood you might see one example. Or look at around you. It's because Sarrate sees it all as mad that he can play doctor. Thus his mad labelling; many chapter heads read like the APA classification list: "homosexuality," "transsexuals," "transvestites."

Sarrate taught me to see many small parallels, and introduced me to several writers. I do not, however, understand his organization or his style. Why is Melville, heralded as so important, so little discussed? Meyers far more capably feels a novel's texture of experience and makes far more sensitive discriminations.

Neither book makes more than a passing connection between homosexual life as lived apart from fiction and homosexual life as lived in fiction. Neither can believe that homosexual fiction isn't a kind of realism rather than a conscious act of self-censorship. I cannot see that we need to separate fiction from the actual experience of homosexuals in the age when it was written. Such separation leads, in Meyers, to an aesthetic self-enclosure and, in Sarrate, to a psychiatrist's superiority complex. Gay literary history cannot be ripped away from gay extraliterary history. The sooner we learn this the better our literary histories will be.

But the longer we'll have to wait for them.

by Michael Lynch □

play nifty exotica: striped racing shoes, ten-speed bikes, pants with leg pockets, blunt-cut lingeries and vapourisers into the bar beyond (a pose which never confronts one eye to eye but, rather, leers frogs over one's forehead and off into the smug goggle). You must also be prepared to stand, for hours on end, looking flat, and vulnerable — like Heidi listening to the wind in the cedars. Not only must you know thyself, you must endeavour to seek thyself, for cloning is a very reflective stance, in the mirror sense, that is, Or, as it is said, "Looks good on you."

Random Note: A rolling clone gathers no roses — nor any else, it would seem.

Our Image Contributors

Jack Anderson is a dance critic for the New York Times, contributing editor of Dance Magazine, co-editor of Dance Chronicle and the author of five books of poetry. Douglas Chambers teaches English at the University of Toronto. John Forbes — age 33, home: 101, favourite drink: tea, quote of the moment: "I might love leaving court, but I wouldn't leave from Leonard." Tim Bisset is the poetry editor of *Arcturion*. Graham Jackson is a Toronto dance critic. Michael Lynch teaches English at Erindale College, Toronto. Paul Pearson is a Toronto free-lance writer. James Tate is a writer in the Ontario country side. Paul Trollope is a law clerk in Toronto. Robert Truitt is a paramedic at Toronto's Mutual First Clinic. Ian Young is a Scarborough poet, publisher and curmudgeon.

Where are the columns?

Readers will note that neither *Traps* nor *The Ivory Tower* appear in this issue. Judith Cross has regrettably informed us that she is too busy to continue writing for *TBP*. *Traps* will return with new writers in November. Ian Young's columns will appear in the next issue.

The Front Runner Meets Mondo Bondage

(Grones are a subdivision of Clone with the accent on "rough" ready.)

Clone collage from Blueboy nude sunbathing baseball leagues billiards gym shorts collections Perrier and yoghurt undershirts Saturday Night Fever spinnach salads viewed without lust

Orne collage from Colt sexual lecher vomit chest hair cleavage bowling tournaments pool leather pants oil lights on velvet Brad and fries denim vests Grease kops bunnies lust viewed without humour

I FOUND IT: A GIDDY GATHERING OF GRAFFITI

"I like to get fucked in . . . slipper, moccasins, wallabee, dress boot, etc." Obviously, if the shoe fits . . .

T-shirt motto spotted on implication-oblivious heterosexual: "AND NOW FOR MY NEXT TRICK"

"Ed in Head gives good wardrobe"

by John Forbes □

The Gay Health Guide A Complete Medical Reference for Homosexually Active Men and Women

Robert Rowan & Paul Gillette
Little, Brown/McClelland & Stewart (Canada), 1978, \$12.50

This is the first book to deal substantially with gay health, and it is cast in a familiar mould. It's another one of those books about gays written by presumably straight professionals (Robert Rowan is "an experienced urologist" and Paul Gillette "a prominent psychologist"). The dust-jacket eye reassures prospective readers with the same simple, buzz-words often used to promote studies on homosexuals: "frank," "nonjudgmental," "compassionate". For the most part, however, this is a thorough, well-organized consideration of the physiological aspects of gay health. Most of the book deals with sexually transmitted diseases, including much information relevant to lesbians. A separate chapter is devoted to every venereal disease known in the western industrial world; how they are diagnosed, treated, and prevented. Information is clearly and logically presented, always comprehensible but never oversimplified.

It is fortunate that, in their discussion of prevention, the authors stress the virtues of monogamy rather than the importance of routine VD checks. Another surprising oversight is the lack of footnotes and a bibliography of research materials consulted. Even so, this is an essential reference tool for hospitals, VD clinics, and doctors with large gay clients.

But is this book a must for the average gay person? The information is undeniably useful, although the cumulative effect of reading about so many diseases may be somewhat unsettling. Too often, the authors content themselves with vague warnings, implying that certain diseases "may be contracted" or that complications "could result," without supplying supporting statistics. In a generally informative discussion of hepatitis, the authors report the presence of the hepatitis B virus in as many as 60% of the homosexually-active population. They concede that these traces of the virus in the blood stream are

probably present at a safe, non-infectious level, but later conclude: "It may well be that up to 60% of the homosexually-active population comprise candidates for fatal cancer of the liver." This chilling revelation is based solely on a case study of 24 patients in West Africa with liver cancer, of whom 21 had blood-stream evidence of prior hepatitis B infection.

Tommy mind, such statements are irresponsible and alarmist. The subject of health care demands a thorough and detailed exploration. But it is inconceivable for a medical doctor not to stress probabilities and provide relevant statistics—above all, to a neurotic North American newspaper obsessed with disease and mortality.

The same approach insinuates its way into the otherwise informative chapter on sexual injury, where dangers in playing the receptor role in anal intercourse are overemphasized. Conclusions such as "the less frequently one experiences anal invasion (injection), the less likely one is to incur injury," are unlikely to contribute to a healthy attitude towards gay sex.

When the guide turns from a physiological approach to emotional and psychological considerations, the authors go beyond their depth. Societal pressures are rightly discussed as the cause of problems in gay self-

acceptance. However, the authors' "non-judgmental" attitude is undermined in the discussion of going straight—why bother discussing it at all?—during which psychologist Gillette describes his own preferred methods. Tellingly, no mention is made of therapy directed towards self-acceptance, or of contacting a gay organization for peer-counselling.

by Robert Tron □

The Power of Gay Love

Tape cassette course
Jeremiah McGuire, PhD

World Int/Formation Publishing Company, 1978, \$39.00

During the 1920s a French Pharmacist-popular psychologist named Emile Coué made a large amount of money by popularizing his doctrine of conscious auto-suggestion. The point of the whole

thing was that by repeating an elevating dictum to oneself, one's psyche got the message and shaped up. In the 1950s this technique was re-worked as "the power of positive thinking." Now it is the gay seventies and Coué's old techniques are trotted out again, only this time the cant is not Coué's old "...every day, in every way, I'm getting better and better," but rather "...I'm getting gay and gay."

Dr McGuire and Glen Ellsworth have packaged a set of four cassette tapes with a book by means of which the gay person "in or out of the closet" may establish "a personal gay value system." The whole package is termed a "repeatable group experience." What the tapes are, is a tag-team session of psychotherapy with piano accompaniment. The emphasis is placed on using one's fantasies in a positive manner. The soothing voice is continually intoning, "...during the music, appreciate, with your body, with your mind, all your valuable gay feelings." By the end of the tapes, one half expects the term to be shortened to VGFs.

The promotional material stresses the supposed attractiveness of the musical aspect. It is, however, a remarkably out-of-tune piano, thereby giving one a fantasy of the aspect of silent cinema. At any rate the listener-participant is taken through four hours of value reorientation to the accompaniment of "the 1st movement of Beethoven's 'Moonlight' Sonata 2) one of the Chopin Etudes, and 3) a piece of semi-musik which cannot name. The cumulative effect upon a listener possessing any sort of musical sensitivity must verge upon hysteria.

The package appears to have been designed for those who have made the decision that they are irrefutably gay, and who have operated in a gay milieu, yet are having problems with their life style, or in coming to grips with a lion conceptual plane. It does not seem to be oriented towards assisting the coming out process, at least in the primary stages of that process. Here, it would seem, a value oriented set of materials would be of more use.

The production as a whole is redolent of a sixties "touchy-feely" sensibility, and is reminiscent of the previous self-consciousness inherent in sessions of sensitivity training of the not-too-distant past. It is, as I have pointed out, a listener-centred programme, in that the narrator (or want of a better term) fertilizes the auditor, in the life-like passages with which the set abounds, that gay oppression is bad, that gay is good, and invites the listener to think of good things about his own payness—from which the values are extracted. It is here that the basic problem arises, for the whole technique cries for a dialogue between listener and instructor. What we seem to have, ultimately, is a one-sided session with an analyst, which defeats the entire purpose of that type of situation. Since no feedback is possible, the sessions roll onward relentlessly, through an effortless purgation of guilt and self-oppression to a "good day and a better gay tomorrow."

Like the work of M. Coué, like that of Norman Vincent Peale, like most popular psychology, the machine is too uncritical, too glib, to convince me of its value.

by J R Tenenby □

The programme can be obtained from
The World Int/Formation Publishing Company,
7665 Santa Monica Blvd, Suite 212, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

Dance as Dance

Graham Jackson
Catalyst Press, 1978, \$6.95

Graham Jackson calls his collection of dance criticism *Qance as Qance*. Yet one of the nicest things about the book is that it's not just about dance. More than technical analyses of steps and poses, Jackson's reviews take into account arts and manner, sex and politics.

Surveying the Toros dance scene, Jackson writes in such a lively manner that he arouses curiosity about the events he appraises. Never pompous, he is willing to change his mind and he is over-willing to admit that he has been in error.

Jackson offers many keen perceptions. This he notes that A Chorus Line supposedly depicts a cer-

Graham Jackson

tain style of show dancing, yet provides a razzle-dazzle example of it. He deflates pretentious choreographers by warning against filling ballets with "allusions to symbols rather than the symbols themselves used in a way that is vital to the work's structure and impact." There's a fascinating essay about the terrifying effect of whiteness in classical ballet and an equally fascinating essay about how *Mad Shadows* represents ball nationalism at its best. Speaking of the presence of one male dancer in George Balanchine's otherwise all-female *Concerto Barocco*, Jackson says that this man's "strength of technique and his quiet reverence command the eye every minute he's on stage. Such is his power and propriety." By the time Jackson indicates that he understands much about Balanchine.

One could cite felicitous statements about many aspects of dance. However, Jackson's concern for one issue makes his book of special interest to gay readers. Jackson is one of the few critics to discuss the sexual appeal of dance and he does so from a gay perspective. His "Toeing the Line" (which originally appeared in *The Body Politic*) is an unusually astute essay about the presence or, rather, the curious absence of gay male themes in dance. Though sharp tongued, it avoids shrillness, convincing one by its reasonableness.

Jackson analyzes several kinds of male dancing and quite rightly finds that such "body beautiful" sports-inspired ballets as *Olympics* fail to do justice to either dancing or athletics. His comments upon all-male "drag" ballet companies—in particular, the Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—are especially thoughtful. He wonders whether such travesty companies, committed as they are to tactlessness, can ever offer real social comment or prompt audiences to question to any serious degree the presence of sexual stereotypes in ballet. A far more powerful aesthetic and political gesture would be the establishment of all-male companies devoted to serious contemporary classical choreography. But that would require "an unequivocal commitment to gay culture." And how many people find it politic to equivocate.

Often provocative, Jackson is seldom dogmatic. One may disagree with him—and how surprising it was for me to see a quotation from one of my own reviews used to bolster a contention about ballet music to which I do not quite subscribe—but yet one remains stimulated, rather than annoyed. Reading Graham Jackson is like listening to a ballet-loving friend talk about performances that have meant something important to him.

by Jack Anderson □

Dances as Dance is available from Catalyst Press, 315 Blainville Ave, Scarborough, ON M1B 2G9 or from Third Angle Press Book Service (see ad page 12).

In Memory of
David Denny
1950 - 1978
from his friends



Ginny Vida (left) and Barbara Gittings

Jeffrey Weeks and Allison Hennegan

Two books; two countries

Two books, one American and the other British, were recently honoured with the 1978 national gay book awards for their respective countries. *Our Right to Love: A Lesbian Resource Book*, edited by Ginny Vida and published in March 1978 by Prentice-Hall, won the American Gay Book Award. Coming Out: *Homosexual Politics in Britain from the 19th Century to the Present*, written by Jeffrey Weeks and published by Quartet Books in the late autumn of 1977, was awarded the British Gay News Book Award.

The American award is sponsored by the Task Force on Gay Liberation, American Library Association (Social Responsibilities Round Table). It is the sixth year for a book to be so recognized. *Our Right to Love* is a pioneer collection of articles and photographs by American lesbians in all walks of life. Ginny Vida, media director of the National Gay Task Force, who accepted the award on behalf of the many contributors, observed that "in a larger sense, the award belongs to America's lesbian community, whose time has come."

The British award is sponsored by Gay News, England's national newspaper. In Coming Out, Jeffrey Weeks set out to trace the growth of specifically homosexual identity among gay men and women from the nineteenth century to the present. "British homosexuals have long been accustomed to seeing their gay political history through an American prism," writes Allison Hennegan, Gay News Literary Editor. "Coming Out" is the first substantial British book which undertakes a social and political survey based firmly on British sources. □

Monitor

mod-i-er (mod'-e-er) *n.* One that cautions, admonishes or reminds. Any device used to record or restrain a process. (*Dr. J.*) To check to test, to keep track of, to scrutinize, to keep watch over, to direct. (Latin, one who warns, from *monere*, to warn.)

Power-popper Tom Robinson, happy his way, has been receiving favourable rock and roll press. In *Cream* for September, as good an example as any, Robinson's gay politics get no more attention than do his anti-bogal, anti-sexist or anti-capitalist stances. The music — In *Cream*, and in recent articles in *Crawdaddy*, *Record Mirror*, *Trouser Press*, *Bomp!*, *New York Rocker* and *Rock Scenes* — is the thing; and the music is popular.

Robinson, meanwhile, is reported in *Cream* to believe that he hasn't done much for the gay movement, despite the success of his single *Glad to Be Gay*. "Because I don't conform to pre-conceptions of what gay men are like. Me standing up on stage looking very normal and natural — people saying 'I'd never have guessed you were gay, you don't look gay' — well, I'm not sure if that's good or not. I haven't necessarily helped the camp kids who need all the support they can get."



Gay-bashing in New York's Central Park has been a fact of the cruising life for years, but it became big news in the Big Apple in July because gay writers for the *Soho Weekly News* and *The Village Voice* chose to make Tito Vito Russo in *Soho Weekly News* for July 13-19 and July 20-26, Arthur Bell in *The Village Voice* for July 17, and *SWN* political columnist Doug Ireland writing in *New York* for July 24, all made the point of their articles the fact that police were definitely uninspired and unenthusiastic in their pursuit of a teen-age gang which had been live men in the night of July 5. They also document the initial reluctance of the press to deal with the gay issue. The tone of the articles was both angry and reluctant sympathy from straight's side, but the emotion has more meaning, and more impact, when it comes from the gut rather than the intellect.

In an earlier issue of the *Soho Weekly News* (July 6-12), Rob Baker — another gay writer — reflects on a trip to Cuba and concludes, in sorrow-over-anger manner, that the Cuban attitude towards gays cannot be ignored: "If one minority group is oppressed, that oppression threatens us all; in a country where only the trees are flamboyant, there's something wrong with the revolution."

In the course of prising in *Psychology Today* (August) a recent Kinsey study of gay men and lesbians (*Homosexualities: A Study of Diversity Among Men and Women*) anthropologist and social biologist Ashley Montagu solves the riddle of which came first, the human being or the gay. "I have little doubt that homosexuality is almost always the result of parental inadequacy," he writes. "When both parents are inadequate, the child may develop as bisexual." Now we know. Thanks, Dad.

Better than Montagu's theories are the overall tone of his article — enthusiastic and supportive — and the fact that he provides a concise and knowledgeable synthesis of the report's conclusions: which are, simply, that gay is just as good as straight.

Time, on the other hand, is always ripe for a little judicious pruning and rearranging of the news. The July 17 issue offers "fascinating glimpses into homosexual life," constructed from bits of the Kinsey report. Gay men are reported to suffer from numerous sex partners (poor us!) and VD (any connection?). In case you need help identifying the species, a photo of "Homosexuals in Greenwich Village" shows it in its natural habitat.

While the Kinsey researchers assert the healthiness and happiness of most gays, *Time* points to the large number of "troubled" gay males, 40% of those classified. A careful reading of the figures shows that in fact these constitute only 28% of the total, and of these most are "asexuals," leaving only 12% labelled "dysfunctional." *Time* has been playing the numbers game: they win, we lose.

Playboy publisher Donald Embinder doesn't mind being called a homosexual. Hugh Hefner, according to a profile in the June 20 issue of *The Boston Phoenix*. Like the *Playboy* bunny king, he has a knack for peddling other people's asses; pees and bums, they say he's proud to say are making him rich. And a rich gay person, a man who's made it in the rough-and-tumble of the entrepreneurial jungle, can "destroy the incredible mythology built up around gay men. You know... overly demonstrative." The message is obvious: buy Embinder's asses, but don't pat his when you meet him.

Truman Capote, everybody's favourite crime reporter, was bashed a bit in the July 9 and July 16 *New York Times Magazine*. The two-part article by Anne Taylor Fleming has prompted cries of foul play from Capote, who claims his friends spoke openly about his habits because they were told the profile would be sympathetic. It's not that; nor is it derogatory. It is — and this probably bothers the coy Capote — revelatory; about his lovers, his style, his inner demons, his frustrations and triumphs.

Elaine Noble, everybody's favourite lesbian candidate for the US Senate from Massachusetts, is bashed hardy at all in the August *Mother Jones*. A brief profile boosts her candidacy, allows that she has riled some of her gay constituency by attempting to broaden her political base, and notes that she's making it as a politician because she's just one of the boys.

The monthly *National Lampoon* has never been kind towards gay rights: but that's not particularly offensive, because the *Lampoon* has never been supportive of anybody's rights. The bad taste is distributed with an even hand... tongue.

And so, in the *National Lampoon's* Sunday Newspaper Parody, there's nothing surprising about the Dacron Democrat-Republican's weekend magazine article on Dacron, Ohio's "Gay" Scene, written by Francine Paluka, "a practical nurse who works part-time as a high school girl's gym teacher and lives with her friend Marilyn Ambruster, who is also a gym teacher and Co-chairperson of the Dacron Chapter of the National Organization of Women People."

An excerpt: "Gays in Dacron, and there are some, all believe that what two or three adult people want to do at home with their own private sex lives is a private matter. For this reason, most are reticent about giving their real names, preferring to call themselves 'Binky' or 'the Countess' and to give only a phone number until they have seen your photograph."

Stereotypes are so original. □

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"An intolerable outrage"

In 1928 Radclyffe Hall was forced to defend her lesbian novel *The Well of Loneliness* against a crank journalist and an archaic obscenity law. Are we still fighting the same battles fifty years later?

The use of obscenity statutes to stifle the distribution of information has a long and infamous history. The trial on charges of possession and mailing of obscene material which *The Body Politic* faces should be seen as merely the latest confrontation of the legal system with the public's right to read, write and distribute. An investigation of some of the landmark obscenity trials in England and North America in the recent past leaves one with a bewildering sense of the constantly shifting definitions of obscenity, the impossible tangle of legal arguments, and the political agenda frequently hidden behind the selective application of the laws. In this issue, TBP looks at the trial of Radclyffe Hall's lesbian novel *The Well of Loneliness*.

Someone might have questioned her timing, others might ask if the timing could ever be right — but for Radclyffe Hall the issues were real and had to be stated.

It was fifty years ago that the first English-language novel to discuss lesbian relationships was published. *The Well of Loneliness*, now a classic of lesbian literature, was written by Radclyffe Hall, a devout Catholic whose previous literary fame derived from a slender book of spiritual poetry and a novel called *Adam's Breed*.

The Well of Loneliness is a loosely disguised autobiographical account of a woman's growing awareness of her "inversion" (the then-current term for homosexuality which Hall uses in a non-pejorative sense throughout her book). It is the story of Stephen Gordon, a male-identified lesbian who has numerous love affairs with women, becomes a successful writer in London and volunteers on the front as an ambulance driver during the First World War.

"I have written a long and very serious novel entirely upon the subject of sexual inversion," Radclyffe Hall declared at the time. "I have treated it as a fact of nature — a simple, though at present tragic, fact. I feel very strongly that the subject is more worthy of my book."

Radclyffe Hall saw herself as a champion of homosexuals and wrote *The Well of Loneliness* as a passionate plea for understanding. But because she viewed homosexuality as an often painful, if undesired, stigma, the novel now appears inadequate from a gay liberation perspective. In an act of renunciation at the end, the narrator relinquishes her lover to a man because she believes heterosexual tendencies will always take precedence. Yet in a final dramatic soliloquy, Stephen becomes the voice of

all homosexual men and women calling for justice: "Our name is legion — you dare not drown us! Acknowledge us before the whole world. Give us the right to our existence."

When the 46-year-old Radclyffe Hall began to write *The Well of Loneliness* in 1926 she was living with her lover Una, Lady Troubridge. She had discussed the matter seriously with Una and both women were willing to face the social consequences of exposing their lives to public scrutiny. Difficulties arose even before publication: three publishers were to reject the manuscript before it was finally accepted by Jonathan Cape.

When *The Well of Loneliness* was published, review copies were sent only to respected parties in an attempt to allay some of the anticipated controversy. Early reviews generally pronounced the book well-written and sincerely delivered, but most also found it flawed, particularly because of its 500-page length. There was little to suggest reviewers interpreted the novel as a blatant piece of propaganda.

On August 19, 1928 all this was to change.

On that day, the 60-year-old editor of London's *Sunday Express*, James Douglas, published a lengthy attack on the book. He claimed that *The Well of Loneliness* marked a new low in English literature, that it was "an intolerable outrage — the first outrage of the kind in the annals of English," and called for the laying of criminal charges. Douglas was well-known in London for his weekly column which, according to Hall's biographer Lovat Dickson, "too often condemned in outraged tones and explicit details, mainly sexual, which at first mention were declared to be unspeakable, and then were discussed at some length." He chose to accompany his article with an unflattering photo of Radclyffe Hall with short hair, prominent jawline, in male attire and smoking a cigarette.

The Douglas attack deserves to be quoted at length, for its cynical outrage bears such an uncanny resemblance to the *Claire Hoy* attack on *The Body Politic*:

"I say deliberately that this novel is not fit to be sold by a bookseller or to be borrowed from any library."

It is more utterly inadmissible in the novel, because the novel is read by peoples of all ages, by young men and young men as well as by older women and older men.

"I am well aware that sexual inversion and perversion are horrors which exist among us today. They haunt themselves

in public places with increasing effrontery and more insolently provocative bravado. The decadent apostles of the most hideous and loathsome vices no longer conceal their degeneracy and their degradation."

"They seem to imagine that there is no limit to the patience of the English people. They appear to revel in their defiance of public opinion. They do not shun publicity. On the contrary, they seek it, and they take a delight in their flamboyant notoriety. The consequence is that this pestilence is devastating the younger generation. It is wracking young lives. It is defiling young souls."

"I have seen the plague stalking shamelessly through great social assemblies. I have heard it whispered about by young men and young women who do not and cannot grasp its unutterable pollution. Both aspects of it are thrust upon healthy and innocent minds. The contagion cannot be escaped. It pervades our social life."

"Perhaps it is a blessing in disguise or a curse in disguise that this novel forces upon our society a disagreeable task which I have hitherto skirted, the task of cleansing itself from the leprosy of these lepers, and making the air clean and wholesome once more."

The adroitness and cleverness of the book intensifies its moral danger. It is a seductive and insidious piece of special pleading designed to display perverted decadence as a martyrdom inflicted upon these outcasts by a cruel society. It flings a veil of sentiment over their depravity. It even suggests that their self-made debasement is unavoidable, because they cannot save themselves.

It is meat and drink to pity them, but we must also pity their victims. We must protect our children against their specious fallacies and sophistries. Therefore, we must banish their propaganda from our bookshops and our libraries."

"I would rather give a healthy boy or a healthy girl a phial of prussic acid than this novel. Poison kills the body, but moral poison kills the soul."

Fearing prosecution in the wake of the Douglas attack, the publisher sent a copy of the novel to the English Home Secretary with the offer to withdraw the book if the Home Secretary thought it obscene. Not surprisingly, the Home Secretary did find it obscene and the book was voluntarily withdrawn from the stores. However, Cape also sent the printing moulds to Pegasus Press in Paris where the book was shortly thereafter printed in its original English

text. In September, the book was exported back to England and the copies seized by British authorities. It was only then that a charge of obscenity was laid against Jonathan Cape.

When the trial began in November, 1928, Norman Birkett, counsel for the defence, at first argued that the book only told the story of an ordinary friendship between two women. Radclyffe Hall had not expected this tactic and, in a strenuous confrontation during the following lunch break, she angrily demanded that he defend *The Well of Loneliness* for what it was, without compromise. Chastened, Birkett agreed. He next argued that "nowhere is there an obscene word or a lascivious passage. It is a sombre, sad, tragic, artistic revelation of that which is an undoubted fact in this world. It is an attempt to deal with a social problem that exists."

Only one witness (Desmond MacCarthy, the best-known literary critic of the day) was called and asked the question: "In your opinion is this book obscene?" The Magistrate, Sir Charles Biron, refused to let him to answer, and thirty-nine other witnesses — among them E.M. Forster, Vita Sackville-West, Virginia and Leonard Woolf and Julian Huxley — were also prevented from taking the stand to defend the book or the author.

The reason was a legal one. Under the Obscene Publications Act of 1857, neither the author herself nor expert witnesses could be called to testify as to the intentions of the author or the literary merits of the work. The sole test was whether the book itself showed "a tendency to corrupt or deprave those whose minds are open to such immoral influences, and into whose hands the publication might fall." It was, as one lawyer has put it, the test of "the curious child rather than of the reasonable adult." Nevertheless, it was a decision which only the Magistrate could make.

Radclyffe Hall chafed under this procedural gag. She sat helplessly in court, unable to counter the insults and distortions unfolding before her. Just once, when the Magistrate was making particularly offensive remarks about lesbians, her indignation overwhelmed her. Her angry voice rings down the years from that one thrilling moment, the authentic echo of all homosexuals everywhere who have been silenced by authority.

"I protest," she exclaimed, "I emphatically protest." The Magistrate ordered her to be quiet.

She continued, recklessly, "I am the

"I would rather give a healthy boy or a healthy girl a phial of prussic acid than this novel. Poison kills the body, but moral poison kills the soul."

James Douglas, *Sunday Express*, 1928

author of this book!" He repeated his demand, upon threat of immediate ejection from the courtroom.

"Shame!" she cried out once more, finally sitting before the guards made ready to remove her. Ignoring her outburst, Birn went on to deliver his decision. He had commented earlier that "a book may be a fine piece of literature and yet obscene" and, although this work had "some literary qualities, they are defaced with certain deplorable lapses of taste." He concluded that the book, in his opinion, was an obscene libel and would tend to corrupt those into whose hands it fell. Birn ordered all copies of the book to be destroyed and fines levied against all those charged.

The judgement was immediately appealed, although Hall, Jonathan Cape and their counsel suspected that it would be pointless. In December the appeal was dismissed after a brief hearing.

What seemed to most appall the Magistrates at both the trial and the appeal was the temerity of the author in suggesting that homosexuals should be accepted by society. "The whole note of this book is a passionate and almost hysterical plea for the toleration and recognition of these people," wrote an incredulous Sir Charles Birn. "Much more serious is that the actual physical acts are described as giving these women extraordinary rest, contentment and pleasure." An appeal judge was equally amazed: "It is a missionary work, and there is not a word to suggest that people who do this are a pest to society and to their own sex."

It was the inevitable conclusion to a trial in which the prosecution had simply argued that because the book had an obscene theme, it must be obscene itself. It had broken a taboo; it had said what could not be said.

For Radclyffe Hall and Lady Troubridge, the book and the trial brought them life-long notoriety. Radclyffe Hall died of cancer in 1943; Troubridge lived another 20 years.

Certainly their actions were not in vain. In the American court case, held in the spring of 1929, the book was cleared of

all charges relating to the circulation of indecent literature. No doubt aided by the publicity, *The Well of Loneliness* became a modest bestseller in the United States. It has since been translated into fourteen languages and world-wide sales now total close to one million.

The book, finally vindicated in the courts, has been available in England for the past two decades, and a paperback version, out for only ten years, continues to sell well today. As Radclyffe Hall's defence counsel commented ironically many years later: "Those phials of prussic acid can be taken freely without apparent injury to the citizen or the State."

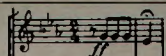
The case against *The Well of Loneliness* has been credited with liberalizing the English obscenity laws. Most importantly, the publicity around the case helped to legitimize the topic of lesbianism for the general public, much as the Wilde trial had done for male homosexuality years before. To countless women, the novel has served as their first introduction to the world of lesbianism. Although gravely flawed by an inadequate scientific understanding of homosexuality, and dated by a sentimental and overwrought prose style, it remains a landmark work.

Radclyffe Hall, supported by Lady Troubridge, had the dedication to write her polemic novel and the courage to withstand the fury of the public scandal which followed. In the long run the public struggle for homosexual emancipation was substantially advanced by her work. We do well to remember her actions when pressured by events into forgetting that caution is often just another word for retreat.

by Richard Williams
and Ed Jackson

Those interested in reading further about Radclyffe Hall and the trial of *The Well of Loneliness* should consult three books in particular: Radclyffe Hall: A Case of Obscenity? by Vera Britain; Radclyffe Hall at the Well of Loneliness: A Sapphic Chronicle by Lora Davidson; and The Life and Death of Radclyffe Hall by Una, Lady Troubridge.

Radclyffe Hall with Una Troubridge in 1931. Hall's frequent appearances in public dressed in male attire (above) helped to popularize the mistaken image of all lesbians as "butch," women wishing to be men.



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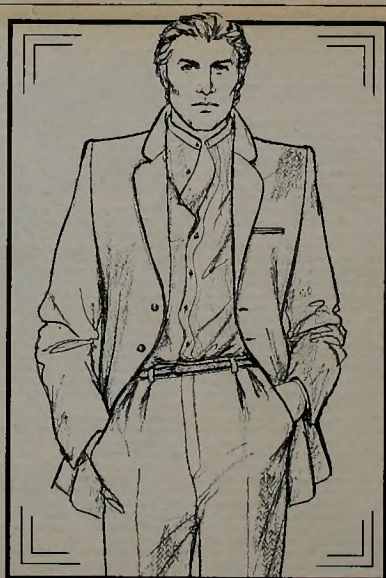


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Jim Monk: Gay on the line

(Continued from page 1)

On running for school board:
 "There's going to be a battle soon over gay rights for teachers, and I want to be part of it."

It shows. It's no Elmer Gantry technique—get the suckers in, talk 'em up a good show and send 'em home for the night. When Jim Monk talks, and I hear him talk, people listen. I sounds so sensible, so uninformed by a sense of there being any personal use to grind. When he was 15, he gave a talk on the rise of homosexuality as a sign of the approach of Armageddon. He tells me he was very convincing.

I asked what got him out of the church. He has a one-word answer: "puberty." I knew what got him into it. Jim's father was an indifferent Anglican, but a year after the marriage his mother converted from the same lukewarm religiosity to become a fierce and devoted "Member of the Truth." Jim was the eldest child, the conversion swept him up as well and he stumbled only when masturbation and a growing interest in other boys eclipsed the anti-sexual keening of the other members of the truth.

We meet, Mrs Monk and I. She is a quiet gray woman, a diagnosed schizophrenic with the oddly delicate manner of the drugged. She takes pills to counteract the effects of other pills. One foot twitches as she talks — Jim tells me later it is a side effect for which there is currently no other pill.

On his mantle piece at home, he has a painting his mother did when she was in the sanatorium. The composition is anaesthetic, but the colours are startling and inventive. It is a landscape, hilly and voluptuous, with a country road leading the viewer deep into the mid-summer of it.

Windsor is flat and uninteresting. The numbing similarity of the streets make it easy to do what Jim does that Saturday afternoon. We mean to drive to his house, but he takes over and we have to wait some blocks before he realizes that he is on the way to the auto plant. "The belly of the beast," he calls it.

It is both appalling and unexpectedly beautiful. The beast is quiet, for one thing. It's the annual shutdown where there is only a skeleton staff, most of it involved in clean up and maintenance. But the place is monstrous — high ceilings, machinery everywhere, aisles that stretch off to a vanishing point. The supervisory staff travel on bicycles to save time.

We enter at the end of the process. There are long rows of Chrysler car engines. They are bright blue with orange wiring, almost festive.

This is Jim's world and has been for the last five years, 8 hours a day, 37.20 an hour now — even more on the midnight shift he's been doing a lot of lately. We are standing in front of a roughed-in blond. It is Jim's machine, a wide-mouthed semi-automatic lathe into which, every eight hours, he moves almost five tons of rough metal on its first step to becoming a precision toolled crankshaft. He has nice arms.

As I lean over to examine the guts of the machine, he suddenly grabs me by the balls and gives them a warm and gentle squeeze. It's not a pass. He's showing me what regularly happens in the belly of the beast.

When I started in this place was a job for months. You get the worst jobs when you're a "probie" — a probationary employee. Basically what I did for 6 months is sit worked and slept. I sat 12, 14 hours a day, ate some food, went to work.

"I started to relax after six months and what I started noticing was a lot of physical contact. A fist-clenched physical contact. Guys rubbed each other's backs, kissed — mainly on the cheek but sometimes on the lips — grabbed each other's balls, did dry runs at a bumfuck. Everybody's a fag, got everybody's a queer and everybody wants to suck my

cock and I want to suck your cock so let's go back to the workroom now OK?" I have to admit I'm not exactly my idea of workers' activity in one of our centres of industry. But Jim is adamant that it is more than a little suggest it is — leaving an extension into the work place of the jock camaraderie of the locker room.

"When I played football it was teasing," he says. "There was a power role implied between the older football players and the younger ones. That's not an element in the kind of thing I'm describing."

"Look," he said, "the tensions of working on an assembly line require that as much as possible you create an enjoyable experience at work — just to survive it. Getting your back rubbed, being friendly, admiring each other's bodies, a guy may be really gross and fat and still you'll start looking at him or grabbing his balls. You know, when you're up tight and somebody grabs your balls some of it's gotta go."

We have covered almost the entire length of the plant and we pass some one who is working. He is sitting in front of a machine which brings a metal part into this view about every four seconds. As each one passes, he reaches into a nearby bin of other metal parts, and links one of those to the one going by. He watches what he is doing.

Jim tells me the story. "A year ago last Christmas I was working on the 6-cylinder assembly line. I was in a bad state and I couldn't keep up to the line. I couldn't put these tiny little nuts on and kept going in the hole. The foreman was on my ass — he was bugging me, he was ridiculing me, making a real fool of me. The more he'd ride me the more I'd fuck up."

"The other guys really dug into him. And they would come over and take part of my job so I could at least for a few minutes because I was in tears. I was in tears on the assembly line. I've seen it happen to other guys — it gets to them. They start crying. An older man came over and started massaging my back and telling me to relax. When I got up he pinched my ass. I felt a hell of a lot better."

"It's not unusual," he said. "We look after each other. If you suggested it I would believe it and I'd be very vehemently deny it and get really upset. But it's a use of sexuality — of homosexuality — without it, the alienation we all feel would be unbearable."

I can believe it. I've worked in a factory and I can feel this place waiting, the beast, waiting for the men who will stand a precisely measured distance apart and as precisely measured as they can, tighten a bolt, insert a part and somewhere way up ahead, every 25 seconds, a new Chrysler engine will drop off the line.

There's been a continuing battle to humanize the place and it has occurred sporadically as we move along — the utility wagon that someone's taken the time to paint in rainbow colours, the section of wall that some workie has painted to resemble a cowboy town with a saloon and a sheriff's office. Upstairs, in the lunchroom, alternate wall panels have sports figures painted on them. These are the things that have softened the violence of whose body is a product of something close to talent. For some reason, I remember the painting on Jim's mantlepiece, that rapacious country reside.

Back down stairs at the plant a rather hunky (I try driver trucks with Jim and I exchange the required comments, and I realize that though everybody here may be talking a lot about cocksucking, Jim is doing it. And is known to.

Jim Monk came out at Chrysler. He made it known that he was a gay man. And he did it in a way that guaranteed it would be known not only to everyone in this plant,

but to workers in every plant in town. "I'd thought about it for years," he told me. "I kept getting really close to people and then I'd come up against this blank wall. I couldn't be totally honest with the people I would work with, the people I wanted to socialize with."

"This year I decided I had to do it. Windsor Gay Unit was going to leaflet the plants to get signatures on a gay rights petition. I realized — 'you've gotta do it now.' I did not want to be handing out that petition without already being 'out' in the plant."

Jim went in to see the editor of the Guardian, the official LAW paper that is read to every auto worker in the country. As he says, "It seemed the easiest way to come out — knock them all off at once rather than one by one."

The story, an interview, appeared in the March issue. The same day someone clipped it out and put it up on the department bulletin board. It stayed there for three days. It was put up in other parts of the plant, and in other plants across the city.

"That first day I acted as if nothing had happened but it was very stiff and nervous. Then the guy I was working with, Bill — we'd gone to school together — said, 'That thing's all up on the board' and said, 'What about this?' He said, 'The interview will show you in the paper.'"

Then he said it. "Are you gay, Jim?" "I said yeah. Then Bill said, 'Yeah, I thought so.' You probably wouldn't if you had that interview. Everybody in the department's talking about it. Most of them don't really believe it. He was the one who was delegated to check it out. Nobody would ask me. They'd ask Bill. He was my partner."

What happened? I think it's a healthier situation, Jim says. "People make fewer homophobic remarks around me — though I'm sure when I'm not around they don't think about it at all. The younger workers are willing to talk to me about it. I've brought it up a few times but usually they'll come to me and start asking about things."

"I get back that people respect me for having made that statement. A lot of them may be homophobic enough to wish I'd see a psychiatrist or a priest or something but they know I think I'm right and I'm standing up for it and they respect that. You know I was warned — mostly by other gay people I know here — that I'd be harassed and bullied if I came out. But that kind of thing just isn't done by most of the guys. You may disagree with my way but you may not like them, but to ride somebody — that's what management does, that's the thing that foremen do."

Oh yes. One other thing did happen. Or was supposed to happen. For months after that interview appeared, there wasn't a worker in that factory who would pinch Jim Monk's ass or squeeze his cheeks. I'd say.

We're out of the factory now, leaving the beast, into the parking lot and Jim's little Honda Civic — he jokes that he ran into a lot more trouble for driving a non-company car than he ever did for coming out as a cocksucker. We are heading for the police station. Family business.

On the way he mentions casually that he'll be eligible to retire in twenty-five years. It hits me then that this guy is not into some little flirtation with "the workers", some earnest exercise in radical chic that will sound positively gripping at the time. This is Jim Monk. The man who calls himself a Marxist. "The man who most influenced my life was Karl Marx," he tells me, "and the woman who most influenced me was an ex-nun." Her name was Pat Noonan and she moderated

meetings of the Young Christian Students' Association, meetings that Jim attended every Thursday night for two years during high school. He studied education and the school. I was steeped in education. We read Willich, Goodman, Freire, and later some of us got into Marx and Engels and guys like that. "His bookshelf at home contains the complete works of Lenin, a lot of Marx and Engels." "I've read some Hegel too," he says. "You know the initial impression that blue collar workers give is that we're dumb and we don't speak right. But we can get our meaning across even if every second word is fuck. Sure, sometimes I pick up words and try to make sense of it. But most of the factory workers I know are pockets of very specialized information as well — it may be home maintenance, or CB radio, or religion or something. A lot of them are immigrants — they've seen the world, they're bilingual, they follow the stock market, they know what's happening out there."

He dropped out of school before the end of Grade 13. "I was the most educational thing I could do," he muses. "When I started reading Marx began to make sense of it. But most of the factory workers I know are pockets of very specialized information as well — it may be home maintenance, or CB radio, or religion or something. A lot of them are immigrants — they've seen the world, they're bilingual, they follow the stock market, they know what's happening out there."

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"I was in tears on the assembly line. An older man came over and started massaging my back, and telling me to relax. When I got up he pinched my ass. I felt a hell of a lot better."

catalogues. And so they that even as student council prez he went through high school without ever having had a girlfriend.

Jim's mother and his ten-year-old brother David are waiting for us at the police station. The boy had been caught shoplifting for the third time and is here for the mandatory police lecture. He doesn't appear afraid — quite delighted in fact. What a great story for the other kids.

But Jim is worried. Not by the law-breaking per se — he went joyriding when he was a teenager. Never got caught though. He's worried that David may just become another statistic in the juvenile delinquency records of the province. He's reacting a bit like a parent and that is not surprising because that is what he is. Since Christmas he has been the legal guardian to his other brother, Rick, who has just turned 13.

Rick had been too much for his parents to handle, particularly since neither of them were well and there were two other kids still at home. Jim took him over. "It's a heavy responsibility. I've spent more time thinking about this than about anything else. For one thing, I never lose sight of the fact that in a sense I am a cop and this kid is living with a cop. I question myself a lot when I restrict his behaviour... am I justified or not? I insist he go to school. I just say you've got to go

demands it and not because it is good for the kid. I'm more honest with him. I don't try to hide my sexuality from him. I try to give him as much free space as I can — and as I'm allowed to. I won't allow him to break certain laws, even if I don't respect them myself.

"I see in our society a war going on between generations. I'm on the wrong side of the battle in this case. But it's a battle I must fight and he must fight. My theory of child raising is to lose gracefully."

A recent event may make that easier, and add what Jim hopes will be a broader focus to the fight two-person family he's fallen heir to. His sister Jo Ann told him a few months ago that she is a lesbian. She is separated from her husband, and has a six-year-old boy, Jamie. It wasn't long before the solution began to seem obvious.

"We're exploring how each of us can help the other raise our kids — without living with each other. For one thing, the kids are taking more responsibility. Rick knows that some of the time he has to take care of Jamie. It's much healthier — it gives the kids more freedom as to which adults they're going to relate to. Rick can stay at any one of three houses — mine, my sister's or my parent's. And

hated the town and every small-minded, unimaginative, crass, humourless, vulgar person in it. I studied to get out. And I made it.

Jim hated his Father's House. He told me that during high school he viewed his family with a mixture of "hated and pity." But he didn't study to get out. He studied to understand where he was, and what was happening, and why. Everything he did helped make it clearer that what was horrible was that people were trapped in situations where they were being screwed, but they didn't know who was doing the screwing. So they went for each other's throats.

I think he understands where he is now, and what's happening, and why. I think that's why he wants to run for school board.

"I'll have to get together enough money and enough workers for a good campaign," he says. "I want to have more influence over what happens in the school. Compulsory education is a kind of prison. I want to become a prison administrator. It's the only option open for me to become involved. It's dangerous — I could become co-opted. I'm willing to take that risk."

This is not the place to develop Jim's educational platform. He has some strong ideas — "School is the institutionalization of the unemployed, with the myth of education and learning

Same for gay teachers."

Being a school trustee is a kind of middle-man position. A friend of mine suggested that the real metaphor for Jim's life was the referee. I don't think it's quite true — that's a little too distant, a little too impartial for someone with so many fierce convictions. But you are missing a lot about Jim if you don't know about his involvement in wrestling. As a referee.

He's been involved in the sport for eight years, and has been a referee for five. He's one of the most competent in the area, with one of the highest official ratings.

"I've devoted as much time to wrestling as I have to gay liberation," he tells me. "And I've never been particularly good in sports. But I've never been afraid of them either. Wrestling is a contact sport — and one of the few not designed to hurt your opponent. Which is why I like it. Injuries do happen, of course. As a referee, it's my job to prevent as much as possible." This, of course, is real wrestling — not the TV junk. This is the stuff that is seductive to watch.

"This is an erotic element to all athletics," he suggests, "and there are a lot of beautiful men who are wrestlers. But what the wrestlers experience is real work. It lasts only six minutes — 9 at the most. If you're a good wrestler, you'll have energy at all at the end of it. It's like playing chess with your body."

There's always that other little "problem." The problem that shouldn't be there. "Even though I feel my ethical standards as an official are above reproach, the fact that I'm gay worries some of the members of the wrestling community. And that disturbs me. Those people will have to learn to handle their homophobia. Wrestling is very important to me — you'd never get me out of it without a fight."

Jim feels he will very likely live in Windsor for the next twenty-five years. He likes the town. But he knows too that he probably won't be able to stay in the way he wants — as an open gay person — "without a fight." It's a fight that's based in Windsor Gay Unity — the city's only gay group and one he's been associated with almost from the first meeting.

It's a small group, but it's done some startling things. Windsor is only the third city in Canada, for example, that has passed legislation to protect gay civil employees from discrimination. And the signature gathering drive for the gay rights petition has not only generated a lot of discussion among the city's blue collar workers, it swept up NDP leader Ed Broadbent as a signer.

Jim will stay in Windsor, partly because of what he is doing, partly because of what Gay Unity is doing. Partly, too, because he has a dream. "That sometime in the near future I'll be comfortable talking men in the plank. I'll say, 'hey, really like you — after work you'd want to come back to my place for a couple of hours and we'll screw around.'" He feels the very conditions that drive the men in the plank are outrageously in order to make the work bearable are the conditions that will finally accept open gay behaviour. He feels the men in the plank are the first in the factories. "I get the sense that it's almost there," he tells me.

A dream. From a man who understands what he is, and what is happening, and who is deep in the city of his birth, knowing where it moves and feels, deep in family that is his blood family, yes, but that is reaching out for new ways to grow and change. He is in some sense still very much in his Father's House. But he is taking down the walls. □



"New ways of growing and caring." Rick Monk, his sister Jo Ann, lesbian mother, his brother, Jim, Jo Ann's son, Jamie.

to school. I'll you be 16 and I'm gonna make you go and when he's 18, I'll make him go and sometimes I spank him because it gets me in shit when he doesn't."

This is hard for him to say and he is looking down at his hands. "I really hit him once. I lost my temper. I hit him in the mouth — a backslap. I felt like shit. I can see the basis for child abuse."

That's Rick and he is a bright boy. He looks at least as devious as any other 15-year-old though and I can guess that he would not be an easy boy to parent. He's experiencing all sorts of things most 13-year-olds are not lucky enough to run into — out being unique does not, in fact, make life any easier for an adolescent. "He's seen me be affectionate with men," Jim says. "He's seen me kiss men. Not having sex though. And he's uplight about nudity so I don't want to go around nude anymore. But I really think he's more concerned about what his friends think than about the fact that I'm gay."

I asked Jim how he felt he differed from other single parents.

"I think I'm more aware. A lot of what parents do they do because society

he will, as he chooses. We're not constantly on each other's nerves."

Rick tells me he isn't gay, that he likes girls. For that matter, so did 6-year-old Jamie, who informed me that you can always tell gay people because they "necks" a lot. Rick added that the only surgery was short hair and a moustache — on men, presumably. He also says that he doesn't wish that Jim were straight, and would rather be living there than anywhere else he can think of.

...

I said this was mostly about Jim Monk but that it was a little about me. That it was about leaving your Father's House — and maybe finding your way back.

I saw what he was doing and saw what I had done. We had a lot of the same background, Jim and I. For me it was Catholicism, not the Jehovah's Witnesses. But as I was submerged in it — I was an altar boy I was 16. I worked in a factory — a pulp mill. I was the smart kid in the working class town — not as smart as, certainly, as Jim, but at the top of my class doing better than any of the better-off kids. And I was doing it for one reason — to get out of my Father's House. I hated it. I hated the factory. I

imposed on it. I want to make that clear. I also want to make clear that I think there's a place for learning in the school system, and I'd like to help come out some programs to improve that learning."

He will, of course, be an openly gay candidate. "There's going to be a battle soon over gay rights for teachers and want to be part of it. But I can tell you that if I am elected I am not going to turn around and move a gay rights clause for the Windsor Board. I would be premature and I'd blow it without support. Those demands should be coming out of gay teachers' caucuses and gay youth groups."

As a school trustee, he hopes to make both such groups a possibility. "Whatever I could do as a Board member, I would. Gay high school students should demand the use of school facilities for meetings and events. I went to a lot of heterosexual dances in high school. I ran a lot of heterosexual dances in high school. It's time gay students had their own dances, and though that demand should come from the students, I'll be open and encourage it and make public statements inviting it.

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What we do in bed

For those of you who read right through, there's a mildly spicy bit later.

One of my dreams has been to learn to touch and to let myself be touched more easily, more fully, with less thought for consequence, the touch, though no less conscious, weighted with less implication, falling as lightly as a warm lock of hair, warm looks don't come that easily. Have you ever been looked at, or chewed over for that matter, as if you were a steak, and by no means one of the better cuts?

Heterobogot Number 1: "Why do they insist on talking all the time about what they do in bed? We don't!"

Heterobogot Number 2: "What I'd like to know is, what the hell do they do to each other?"

(These two should compare notes. One appears to have the information the other lacks.)

Speaking of sex, we have a new Roman Catholic Archbishop in town, the Most Reverend G Emmett Carter. His predecessor retired exhausted by his noble struggle against pornography and other communist threats. The *Body Politic* was/is one of the targets. Carter's church, he says with a black-and-purple ecclesiastical shudder, is confronted by "a period of sexual permissiveness in which everything is justified as long as it brings pleasure."

Can you see his lip curling on that last word? What he really means to say — forgive my presumption in reading between the pieties — is: some subversive people are daring to make their own decisions about their own sexuality and their own lives, a very dangerous state of affairs for god's representatives on earth, and other would-be tyrants.

Three years ago a man smiled to me at a bus stop. We were both waiting for buses. A lovely smile. It threw me into such disarray, near panic, that I turned from him. When I had gathered my nerve to look again, perhaps even to return a ghost of a smile, something fluttering across my face like a trick of light, his face had closed. For several days I haunted the same bus stop at the same time of day. As much to return the smile for my own sake as to avoid inhibiting him from smiling again, to another stranger, I didn't find him.

Overheard in the baths: "I was really mad at him, so I fucked him silly." (Is this going to get the paper raised again?) Honest, Your Reverendhood, I'm only telling what I overheard, please forgive us for we know not what we do! Can't you hear chortling in heaven or at least in the baptistry over such manly virtue? What on earth can any supposedly celibate priest know about my sexuality or sex? Enough, evidently, for his purposes. If he knew more he might I'm not promising anything find it more difficult to attack. Well, no. One can too easily be fooled into thinking these people are against Sex, that they are moved by real holy or secular fervour to wipe it out. They are neither innocent enough in principle nor stupid enough for that. Organizations as powerful and ruthless as the ones they work for have little confusion about goals and few scruples about methods, despite appearances they know exactly what they are doing. Nothing to do with god, and even less to do with Sex.

The Most Rev G Emmett Carter sees his task on earth, at least for the moment, as supporting "those people who believe in the values that have built our civilization." You know the insidious, immaculate conception, witch and faggot-burning, colonies,

armies of babies slaughtered in holy wars, the extinction of several civilizations in Central and South America, eternal damnation, the American dream, collaboration with Franco, Mussolini, Pinochet et al, that sort of value.

Sex education: Do nothing with or to anyone until you have thoroughly studied this paragraph. Virtuous sex is something a man does to a woman, at appropriate intervals. He climbs on top of her and sticks his thing in her you know what. Maybe she resists a little, then gives in. It's often uncomfortable but she really likes that. Or it's boring but you can't have everything. Sex relieves a man's tension and lets him get on with things. Most important, of course, it keeps the species, race or religion from dying out. (One of my late grandmother's greatest sorrows about me was that I wouldn't suppose to offset the outrageous rampant breeding by them, the off-whites, taking over the world, baby-by-baby.) Sex. Where would we be without it.

Last you feel cheated by false advertising, you readers whose breath quickened when you read the headline of the column, let me tell you what I do in bed. Well, part of it, at least some of it isn't quite ripe for telling yet. After years of dim grey fantasies and dangerous episodes in which I was repeatedly almost caught in compromising positions at the television set, I've thrown all caution and political considerations momentarily to the wind and plunged into the sweetest joys of erotic wrestling. You may very well sigh ho-hum as I've several women after I expressed my newfound thrill very nervously to them — nervous they'd think I was being offensive, another male power trip or, worse, just silly. But these women have been doing it for years. One of them, heterosensual, wants to wrestle with men but can't find worthy matches. Being heterosexual isn't always as easy as some of us might think...

advertised in *The Body Politic* for "sensual wrestlers." Believe me, T&P classified ads really work! (And I wasn't paid to say that, not so much as a kiss.) So far there have been fourteen replies. One of them will be here later this afternoon. We wrestled for hours or so one night, aggressively and hard. Then we made love, as he put it, for five or six hours. No "climax," we just made love, vigorous and languid, floating around like I think it may have been the closest I've come to the kind of enchantment I've heard Lesbians describe in their love-making. (I hope I don't presume too much.) Slow, idly slow. Erotic zones melt and spread into the most unlikely places until the whole skin is touching or wanting touch. You arouse and are aroused in the lush sense of the word, you are electrified and become breathless. In fact I think I may have forgotten to breathe for a couple of spells. You find in yourself fabulous ways of touching, holding, moving and feeling that you hadn't imagined. On my. Getting your rocks off is one thing, this is another thing altogether.

He hasn't arrived yet. If my rain, I'd like to stand with him in the warm rain wrestling and playing with each other as long as we can stand then falling together, slow motion like in a bad movie. We would, I expect, be greeted by a policeman on a horse. They get you out here for nude sunbathing. It's what they dare to call "Gross Indecency."

by Michael Flordorn



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Disco muzak requires drastic measures

Ever since the Beatles first appeared on the Ed Sullivan Show in 1964 I have loved rock and roll music.

I enjoy and appreciate other forms of music, from Handel to folk music to jazz (everything, in fact, except jazz but that's my problem), but it has always been rock that I relate to most, intrinsically and essentially. Rock-and-roll was the voice of an entire culture and I had a fanatical urge to be part of the scene that revered the Beatles and the Dave Clark Five, that smoked dope and dropped acid, that bumped naively on the pop-artist's bandwagon, knowing that the status quo was fucked but not knowing quite why or what to do about it. I still find it hard to relate to those who never "loved" Sgt. Pepper's or the Beatles or LSD. I'm not saying there's an essential validity in these things, but simply that there was a new awareness in the sixties and that it was important, for me, to embrace the symbols of that feeling.

I generally find that rock music means less to gay people than it does to hetero. There are probably a lot of reasons for this. Lyrically, rock often seems the very bastion of sexism and male chauvinism. Besides that, gay people have had to develop their own culture and community in order to have any sense of common identity. After coming out, this sub-culture can become totally involving: one has little time for anything else. But Barbra Streisand and disco (and, in fact, all music that is usually assumed to appeal to gays) are no more "gay" than The Rolling Stones or Ted Nugent. Disco, on top of that, embodies all that is wrong with the music industry. Disco artists (can we call them artists?) seldom write, arrange or produce their own material. Disco has become the creation of music producers, the people who round up crews of studio musicians to lay down that boom-a-boom-beat and then slap a sex-starved woman (like Donna Summers) or a gang of macho hunks (like Village People) or whatever two-dimensional image is saleable at that moment on top of it all to come up with another mindless disco hit.

But to say that rock music is more creative and less perverse than disco would be an absurd generalization. The rock music industry has reached a pinnacle of banality and is almost totally static. Something seems wrong when people listen to the same musicians for years (eg. Rod Stewart, Steve Miller; rock loses its immediacy and becomes institutionalized without a constant supply of fresh new talent). What is called the "New Wave" has become rock's saving grace, regaining some of the urgency of the sixties. And it can be great to dance to.

Gay people on the whole seem to be alienated from the New Wave at this point, either not knowing anything about it or not caring — or both. This may not last long. With the emergence of The Tom Robinson Band in England there is now rock music with mass appeal and a distinctive gay sensibility. There have been gay overtones in pop music before — David Bowie and Lou Reed come to mind — but these artists were never very open about their sexuality and certainly never advocated gay liberation. Sexual ambiguity sold records.

Tom Robinson, on the other hand, is open about his gayness and honest in his concern for human liberation. Along with other groups involved in "Rock Against Racism," he is in the forefront of the fight against Britain's neo-fascist National Front, and his lyrics incorporate this stand intelligently without sounding like propaganda. He has successfully incorporated a message that is — or should be — of concern to us all with some exciting rock and roll. Gay people should get behind him.

But it seems doubtful that this will happen. Reports from Britain indicate that TRB plays to audiences that are primarily straight (but sensitive) with enthusiasm but small pockets of gay fans. Perhaps gay people see TRB's music as inherently heterosexual because it is rock. If we take a closer look, though, at what rock music could be, minus the ignorant sexism of the past, we might see it as ours, too: angry, rebellious and sensual. Perhaps with Tom Robinson on the scene selling a lot of records, more gay people may come to realize this.

In Toronto, we don't even have to look that far. Rock music with a definite gay sensibility is emerging here in the work of singer-keyboardist Tony Malone, of Drastic Measures. While Malone's lyrics may not have the overt political consciousness of Tom Robinson's, they are clearly the product of a gay perspective. In songs like "Sucker for Blondes" and "Night with the Boys," Malone takes a humorous, ironic look at his own sexuality and personal experiences. His dry-on-stage banter brings home the point of his gayness, sometimes circuitously (he once introduced a heterosexual member of the band by saying, "This is



Above: Drastic Measures. Left to right, Paul Criss, Kow'rd Pope, Peter Drastic and Tony Malone.

Below: author Glen Schellenberg with Tony Paul. He's cute and he likes girls... but at other times with a directness that must surprise his audiences. Like Tom Robinson's, they are mainly straight.

In a city like Toronto, with its large gay population, one might assume that a gay performer who has the integrity to write and sing about things that are meaningful to him would be an instant hit. Well, it hasn't happened yet. I hope that it is only a matter of a few months before Drastic Measures gets the support it deserves.

Just think — you could be the first on your block to pass by Charlie's Disco and go find Drastic Measures in a Queen Street beer parlour.

by Glen Schellenberg □

Glen Schellenberg, keyboard player with the Toronto rock group The Dishes, is a founding member of Antinormal.

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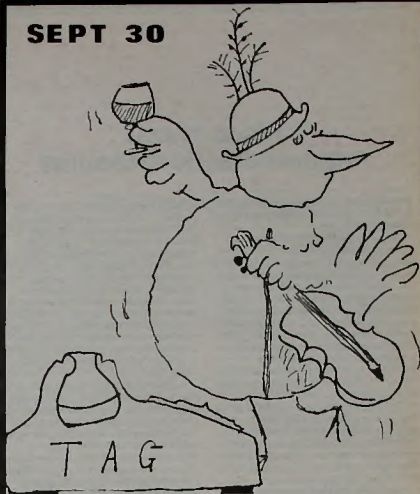
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MONTREAL

MONTREAL BILINGUAL BISEXUAL academic, woman, 38, finds philosophy, arts, social sciences have travelled, with most articulate and mature (40-50) women. Draw 854.

FRIENDS

INTERNATIONAL

DISCREET AUSTRALIAN GAY guy wishes to write to guy who loves life, poetry, music, theatre and loves to live. Write PO Box 179, Port Melbourne, Victoria, Australia. **LONDON YOUNG BLACK MALE** 21, very shy, quiet, needs a good friend or friends or anyone coming to London. Photo appreciated — any colour. Will only reply in Toronto, will be back in 1979. Draw B139.

UNITED STATES

DISCREET male needs to share your life with someone who shares your beliefs, dreams and goals? I'm a graduate student, 24, 125 lbs, 5'10", brown hair, masculine appearance. I have an extensive knowledge of classical music, enjoy performing arts, and possess a philosophical bent. Humanitarianism defines my politics. I seek another man (25-40) with a similar like and temperament, who realizes that love is the force by which people attain their full potential. A man who is gentle, compassionate, and loving, for a possible long-term relationship. Sincerely replies answered. Draw B124.

NATIONAL

MASCULINE GOOD LOOKING male with good body, interested in fine arts, planning a four-week vacation in Southern France, spring of 1979. Searching for a masculine, good looking and muscular guy to share experiences. Answer for any where. Draw B131.

BRITISH COLUMBIA

MALE, 30, WILL BE moving to Vancouver soon. Would like to hear about other guys in the Vancouver area. Write Tom Arsenault, Box 309, 56 Marlford Street, Toronto.

DISCREET GUY, 38, 5'8", 142 lbs invites letters from dudes with good bodies and thoughtful souls who enjoy life, music, books, travel, and intimate friendships. Local guys please send phone. A1 must send photo for reply. Write now to PO Box 22, New Progressive Politics and an vegetarian. Looking for experienced hitchhikers. Draw B69.

WILL BE MAKING HIC TRIPS this spring and summer in BC. I'm male, 22, have progressive politics and am a vegetarian. Looking for experienced hitchhikers. Draw B69.

MANITOBA

GAY MALE SEEKS MORNING meeting with others 40-60 to share ideas with. Draw B113.

LOVELY GAY MALE, 26, just coming out wants to meet gay male for friendship and companionship. I enjoy music, some sports, hiking, dancing, movies, going out eating. Sincere and honest only. Photo appreciated. Will answer all. Draw B63.

SASKATCHEWAN

MIDDLE AGE MAN, HORNLY, loves outdoors, gardening, cooking. Any age or bi-sex. Fatherly welcome. Come and stay overnight in the country. Saskatoon area. Draw B67.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

SPARKING YOUNG MAN into your scene, correspondence and photography, would like to hear from you, possibly meet. Role playing both or either way can be changed. My also awaits. Travel in Ontario no problem. Send phone photo, describe interests. Draw B63.

SOUTHERN ONTARIO

YOUNG COUPLE, mature and friendly seeking similar male buddies for friendship, socializing, and so on. Around London area. All replies answered. Draw B147.

ATTRACTIVE MALE, 23, 6', 165 lbs seeks intelligent, mature, middle-aged man who could relate to a younger guy. I seek friends but relationship is what I really want. Looking for honesty, sincerity, affection, respect. Looks important but secondary to personality, character, dig herse member that isn't to be deterred to friends. My in-

terests include: music, dining, theatre, walks, conversation, love of life. If you are young-minded and enjoy the company of gentle, considerate, affectionate younger men, then let's meet and have some good times together. Will reply all. Draw B142.

BISEXUAL MALE, 22, 5'8", brown hair, hazel eyes, seeks feminine guys, muscled, and all other guys who like to have fun. I am very horny. I enjoy camping, music, and sports. I would enjoy dressing up some day in makeup and then having sex. Only serious need any reply. No age limit, but prefer the young please. Draw B141.

TORONTO

DISCREET YOUNG, TRIM guy who likes theatre, travel, sex, dining, movies, Leafs or Argos games and are interested in sharing an evening out with a horny, reasonably well-endowed, 6', 165 lb, 38 year old masculine businessman who visits Toronto frequently from Thunder Bay, send me your phone number and photo and tell me about yourself. Draw B144.

MAN, 35, LOOKING FOR healthy, happy, physically fit guy, who is into sex, dining, hiking, jogging, things like building and making things, wilderness, and all other things. I like to have kids, dogs, horses, ice cream, TV, movies, books, boring with friends, and all other things. I am a very laughing, staying home, going out the city, bush. Don't like: cussing, drugs, parties, sick, love light, brown and glass furniture, using a wand to meet someone. Considered attractive, 6', 180 lbs, reasonable, reasonably bright, versatile, warm, independent, stable. Photo not essential, but would be appreciated. Box 362, Statist K-Toronto.

GAY MALE COUPLE, 30's, with wide and varied interests would like to meet guys in Toronto area. We enjoy all sports and good looking. Our preferences are: interests, likes, dislikes, and phone number. All replies answered. Draw B145.

WELL-AGED ACADEMIC living alone Marltones county home seeks friend in Toronto or Halifax for a long term relationship. The objective of permanent relationship. Interests: classical music, good food, travel, and sex. Versatile. In all 5'10", 170 lbs, good physique. Housewired and enjoyable company. Discretion assured. Reply Draw B146.

PROFESSIONAL GUY, 36, 130 lbs, 5'10", likes music, likes photography, theatre, wants to correspond or meet with younger guys for a long term relationship. entertain visitors to Toronto would like honest younger brother for friendship. Draw B147.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, MID 40s, seeks good looking man to age 40 for casual and semi-steady encounters. Can meet at my place. Please write PO Box 553, Don Mills, ON M3C 2T6, enclosing photo and stating phone number and any other details. Complete discretion assured.

ATTRACTIVE CHINESE or other Asian educated young man (born by sincere mature gentleman with own home and car. Should be affectionate and agreeable to his arts, literature, music, antiques, theatre, country outings, and quiet times at home together. Please reply with phone number to Draw 146.

ATTRACTIVE ENGINEER seeks lasting intimacy. Relationship or 'sex' (manual, oral only) is nonessential but welcome when mutual. You should identify yourself equal my following description: under 45, slim, clean-shaven, little body hair, circumsised, modest dresser (not), nonsmoker, nondrinker, drug nonuser, high 10, rationalist, broad science-technology interests. Quiet and socially retiring. Give your description details please. Box 191, Station T, Toronto M6B 4A1.

DARK BLONDE blue eyed male, 26, 6'4", 195 lbs, very shy and reserved because of vilgo condition seeks older very understanding man. I enjoy music, theatre, art and my apartment. Draw B64.

WHITE MALE, 32, 185 lbs, overweight, but working down

Average looks, hairy, French active, with friends 25 to 38, prefer straight guys. Total honesty please. No drugs, beads or kinks. If necessary phone 275-4444. Please answer with phone, photo appreciated. Will reply all. Draw B68.

YOUNG W/M, 5'8, 135 lbs, seeks attractive, masculine, middle-aged males for companionship, good times. Really dig older guys in Toronto who are fun loving, intelligent and mature, but young in outlook. I have many interests including dancing, dining, movies and especially outdoor activities. Why not write and tell me about yourself, your interests. Hopefully we can become good friends. Draw B97.

ATTRACTIVE SECURE young professional with a good sense of humour, 28, 57, 135 lbs, would like to meet a young, discreet, together male, a similar build, between 21 and 30 to enjoy the pleasures of the good life and companionship. Draw B101.

SUCCESSFUL DISCREET YOUNG male, 26, 5'7, 135 lbs, looking forward to meeting a good looking intelligent oriental guy for friendship. Interest in the pleasures of sex, travel and the arts important. Draw B100.

ATTRACTIVE MALE SEEKS young companion. London/Toronto area. Photo appreciated. Draw B105.

TORONTO BI MALE MARIED couple, 30's, looking for a single guy for friendship and good times. I am 40, 5'11, 145 lbs, very good looking and clean. Send phone number or write to Box 231, Station A, Weston, Ont. M9N 3M6. Complete discretion assured.

DISCREET LEATHER BELTS turn you out? Me too! I'm into body building and looking for guys who can accept their bodies. Love to use straps and have them laid on by determined dominant guys. Mel 636-3297.

PASSIVE GUY looking for Greek active guys with good bodies. Can take hard action for long sessions. I work out at a gym three times a week and have a firm muscular body. Lbs 465-6423.

JOHN KIVACHENKO former farmboy of Victoria Harbour, Ontario has moved to 1911 188th St. Surrey, BC, R6M 5T4-7482. Write for answering previous ads. I'll reply when settled. Anybody know of work in area?

HUNKY JACK, 32, 6'2", medium build seeks other athletic men into sports, sex, workouts, with well hunched. I enjoy everything with a lady only. Write and tell me what turns you. Draw B137.

WHITE MALE, 43, masculine, affectionate, wishes to meet blacks for fun and friendship. If you are Black, gentle, sensitive and loving and enjoy easy-going relationships with no strings attached, I would like to hear from you. US visitors to Toronto especially welcome. Draw B126.

INDONESIAN MALE, 22, 5'6, 135 lbs, muscular, good looking, seeks good looking men for lasting friendship. No one nite stander, photo and phone please. Will reply all. Draw B127.

MASCULINE BISEXUAL, 45, 6', 170 lbs. Likes theatre, movies, swimming is my sport. Get out on 69 and "ride the horse." Like conversation before and after sex. Draw B128.

ARE YOU 25-45, married or single working downtown and looking for a friend or lover? Well, have a nice apartment downtown. Let's get together, have lunch and see what develops. Please enclose photo and expected. Draw B129.

SHY BUT ATTRACTIVE BUNNY cub, 21, 5'8, 145 lbs, seeks hairy hunky bear (27-35). Must be muscular, masculine, quiet and affectionate. Enjoy cinema, theatre, walks, talks, dancing, bars, watching, like workbooks, running shoes, T-shirts, denim, leather, kissing mouthaches and beads. Satisfying morning companionship with baby oil and hugs. Sincere replies cuddled. Draw B130.

ARE YOU THE ONE FOR ME? Male 25, lives downtown looking for a fun time level to share life with. Let's meet and see what happens, who knows, maybe I am that one for you. Draw B131.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Get a message? We've got the way to let it across to gay people right where you live — and all across Canada and the US, too.

The **Body Politic's Classified ads**. Need a job? Want to sell your used iguana? Rent a canoe? Find a friend or a place to live? A Classified ad in **BP** is a good way to let others know.

It's easy — and cheap. Just 10 cents a word for personal ads, 30 cents for businesses. You simply fill in your message in the form below, count up the number of words and send it off to us with a cheque or money order. Get in before the deadline and your ad will appear in the very next issue.

You can say just about anything, but there are a few things you should keep in mind. If you're interested in meeting people it's best to be positive. Tell them about yourself and your interests — not about what you don't like. Specifying exclusions on the basis of race or appearance (saying "no blacks or fags" for instance) is just plain rude, and being rude doesn't make friends.

Saying that you're interested in meeting people for sex is fine. But there are few restrictions — the law's not strict. Unlike the Criminal Code of Canada, it's illegal to have sex with anyone of the same sex under the age of 21, to have sex with more than one person at a time regardless of their ages, or to solicit for the purposes of prostitution. Otherwise, sex is still legal, so far. But to protect both of us, we reserve the right to reject or refuse any classified ad.

If you want people to answer you directly, put your address or phone number in your message. Or, you can take advantage of our forward service. For only a dollar extra we'll assign you a drawer number and collect answers in our office to be sent to you once a week.

If you want to answer someone's ad, that's easy too. Put your reply in an envelope, seal it and send it to us, making sure to mark on the front the drawer number.

Then, when you receive your reply, it's responding to: You don't need to send any money. Your unopened reply will reach the person you're answering in just a few days.

So go ahead. Pick up a pen and communicate.

CONDITIONS:

All ads must be prepaid by money order or cheque — do not send cash through the mail. The **Body Politic** reserves the right to alter or refuse any ad. Late copy will be held over for the following issue. **Deadline: September 13**

RATES:

Individual: 10c per word, minimum \$2.00
Businesses: 30c per word, minimum \$9.00
Forwarding Service: \$1.00 per word per mailing. If you would like us to assign you a drawer number and forward mail to you once a week, please check the box below.

Name	_____
Address	_____
<input type="checkbox"/> Drawer number required	_____

Please run my ad as follows in the _____ section.
Print your ad below in block letters, one word per box.

The **Body Politic**, Box 7289, Station A, Toronto, ON M5W 1X9

COMMUNITY PAGE

The Community Page is a listing of Canadian gay groups which primarily direct themselves toward alleviating or directing against gay oppression. It includes information on community centres, support groups, community centres, bookstores which sell gay and feminist literature, and other gay periodicals.

If you wish to be listed, send information to: The Body Politic, Box 286, Station A, Toronto, Ont. M5W 1V9. Be sure to notify us of any change in information immediately.

ABITIBI

Association des Gays d'Abitibi, a/s
ADGO, CP 36, Succ. C, Montréal, PQ
H2L 4K7

BRANDON

Gay Friends of Brandon, P.O. Box
482, Brandon, MB, R7A 5Z4. PH:
(204) 755-0530

CALGARY

Dignity/Calgary, Box 1492, Stn. C,
Calgary, AB, T2M 2H7. PH:
(403) 259-7547

Gay Academic Union, P.O. Box 262,
Stn. B, Calgary, AB, T2M 2H7

Gay Information and Resources.
Room 312, 225 12th Ave. SW, Calgary,
AB, T2R 0G9. PH: (403) 264-3911

Information and counselling, Mon-Sat.
Gay AA Monday, lesbianing, Tuesday,
Friday, Monday, men's discussion Friday

Metropolitan Community Church,
1720 1st St. NW, Calgary, AB, PH:
(403) 266-1336

CORNERBROOK

Community Homophile Association
of Newfoundland (CHAHN), Box
905, Corner Brook, N1, A2H 6J2

GOVNY (Gay Organization of the
Western Newfoundland) may be
contacted at CHAHN's address above

EDMONTON

Club 70, 10242, 106th St., Edmonton,
AB, T5C 1H7. PH: (403) 423-0501

Dignity/Edmonton, P.O. Box 53,
Edmonton, AB, T5G 2G9

Edmonton Lesbian and Gay Rights
Organization (ELGRO), P.O. Box 527,
Substation 11, U of A, Edmonton, AB,
T6G 2E0

Gay Alliance Toward Equality, Box
1852, Edmonton, AB, T5C 1H7.
PH: (403) 424-8361

Metropolitan Community Church,
Box 1372, Edmonton, AB, T5C 2M6,
PH: (403) 456-7863

FREDERICTON

Gay Friends of Fredericton, Box
202, Fredericton, NB, E3B 5A4

GUELPH

Guelph Gay Equality, Box 773,
Guelph, ON, N1H 6L8. Gayline: (519)
833-4940

GUELPH

Guelph Gay Youth Group, Info: (519)
838-4550, Mon, Wed, and Thurs, 8
PM-10 PM

HALIFAX

The Alternate Bookshop, Ste. 301,
1565 Barrington St., Halifax, NS,
B3J 1Z2

HALIFAX

Atlantic Provincials Political
Lesbians for Example (APPLE), P.O.
Box 3611, Halifax South Station Post, Stn.
Halifax, NS, B3J 3K6

Gay Alliance for Equality, Box 3611,
Halifax South Stn., Halifax, NS,
B3J 3K6. Gayline: (902) 429-4909

HALIFAX

Gay Youth Halifax, Box 3611,
Halifax South Station, Halifax, NS,
B3J 3K6

HAMILTON

McMaster Homophile Assoc., DCI,
Box 1396, Hamilton, ON, L8N 4K2

LSL 775, Gayline: (416) 527-0336

Also at the above address:
Gay Women of Hamilton

KINGSTON

Kingston Women's Centre, Queen's
University, Kingston Memorial
Library, 3rd Floor, Kingston, ON,
Queen's Homophile Assoc.,

Station A, Kingston, ON, K7L 5N9

KITCHENER/WATERLOO

Gay Rights Organization of
Waterloo (GROW), P.O. Box 2632,
Station Schomberg, ON, N2H 6K2

KITCHENER/WATERLOO

Lesbian Organization of Kitchener
(LOOK), P.O. Box 2531, Stn. B,
Kitchener, ON, N2H 6M3

KITCHENER/WATERLOO

Waterloo Universities' Gay
Liberation Movement, Federation of
Students, University of Waterloo,
Kingston, ON, N2L 3J1. PH: (519)
889-1251, Ext. 2372

LONDON

Gay Action Group for Equality

P.O. Box 434, Stn. C, London, ON
Homophile Assoc. of London, Ont.
645 Colborne St., London, ON,
N6A 3Z1. PH: (519) 433-3762

London Lesbian Collective, c/o Box

4724, St. John's, London, ON,
N6W 5L7

MISSISSAUGA/BRAMPTON

GEM/Gay Equality Mississauga, P.O.
Box 125, Station A, Mississauga, ON,
L5A 2T7

MISSISSAUGA/BRAMPTON

Gayline West: 787-6874. Peer
counselling telephone service

MONTREAL

Androgyne/Boutique, 1217
Chesnut St., Montreal, PQ
H3G 2N1. PH: (514) 866-2131

Association Communautaire

Homosexuelle de l'Université de
Montréal, 3200, Jean-Baptiste, Local
1265A, Pav. des Sciences Sociales,
Université de Montréal, Montréal,
PQ H3T 1N6

Association pour les Droits des

Gaies du Québec, CP 36, Succ. C,
Montréal, PQ H2T 1A4, 256 St.
Timothée, PH: (514) 843-5671

Coop Femmes, 3617 Boul. St-L

Laurent, Montréal, PQ H2X 2V5. PH:
(514) 843-5671

Dignity/Montreal, C.P. 641

Shawmont, Montréal, PQ H3K 3X8.
Eglise Communautaire de Mon-
tréal/Northern Community Church,
CP 610, Station Nord, Montréal, PQ,
H4A 3H1. PH: (514) 845-4741

Eglise du Désir de Jean-Alain, 6581

St. Laurent, Montréal, PQ, PH: (514)
279-3631

Ensemble Métropolitain

Community Church, 5-2320 Lincoln,
Montréal, PQ, H3M 1A4. PH: (514)
937-8666

Gay Friends of Concordia meet

every Thursday in 322, Hall Bldg.
at 4:30 P.M. For info, phone (514)
288-3971

Gay Info, P.O. Box 610, Stn. NGD,

Montréal, PH: (514) 341-1191
467-4404, Mon-Sat 7-11 P.M.

Sponsors several groups,

Gayline: (514) 321-5668 or 931-5300
Tuesdays 7-11 P.M.

Gay McGill, University Centre, 3480

McTavish, Montréal, PQ, H3A 1X9.
Gay Social Services Project 5

Wendland, P.O. Box 1119, PH: H3Z

1Y5. PH: (514) 937-9561

Gay VO/Clinic, Montreal Youth

Clinic, Mon-Fri, 7-11 P.M., 3668
St-Famille St., PH: (514) 943-7265

Gay Women of McGill meet

Tuesdays, 8 P.M. Women's Union
University Centre, 3420 McTavish,
Mon-Fri, 10:30-11:30 P.M.

Gayline, Info: (514) 866-2131 or

Gayline

Group Gai de l'Université du

Québec à Montréal, PH: 688-8888.
Montréal, Québec H3C 3P8

Integrity, Gay Anglicans, c/o Box

610, NDC, Stn. 136, Montréal, PQ,
H3T 1N6. PH: (514) 486-4404 (Thurs
and Fridays only)

Jouissance Gai de Montréal (Gay

Youth of Montreal, Open to
lesbians and gay males under 21,
PH: (514) 341-1191

LSG 2MT, Meetings: Saturdays,

1:30-5:00, 2000, P. Maritain,
Montréal, PH: (514) 341-1191

MAHES, Gay Jewish Discussion

Group, Women and welcome.
Info: P.O. Box 298, Station H,
Montréal, PQ, H3G 2K8. PH: Harvey,
(514) 492-3343

Parents of Gays, c/o P.O. Box 610,

Stn. NGD, Montréal, PQ, H4A 3H1.
PH: (514) 486-4404

MOOSE JAW

Moose Jaw Gay Community Centre
c/o Box 1776, Moose Jaw, SK,
S6H 1A7

OTTAWA/HULL

Dignity, P.O. Box 2102, Stn. C, Ottawa,
ON, K1P 5W7

Gay of Ottawa/Gaie de

Ottawa, Box 2919, Stn. C,
Ottawa, ON, K1P 5W9. 378 Elgin,
2nd Floor, Gayline: (613) 236-1177,
business, 233-0152

Gay Youth Ottawa/Hull

Jouissance Gai(e) d'Ottawa/Hull,
2919, Stn. D, Ottawa, ON, K1P 5W9.
Gayline: (613) 236-1177, business
(613) 233-0152. Meetings (drop in)
Saturday evenings at 378 Elgin
(ottawagay)

Metropolitan Community Church,

368 Stn. B, Ottawa, ON, K1P 5T7.
Send counselling line

PETERBOROUGH

Trent Homophile Assoc., Box 1524,
Peterborough, ON, K9J 7H7. 762
Ridgeway St., PH: (709) 742-7424

PRINCE ALBERT, SK

Prince Albert Gay Community
Centre, P.O. Box 1893, Prince Albert, SK,
PH: (306) 763-2690

PRINCE GEORGE, BC

The gay group in this city can be
contacted through the Crisis
Centre, (604) 563-1214

QUEBEC

Centre Homophile d'Aide et de
Libération (CHAL), CP 506, Haute-
ville, 13 rue Prince-Édouard,
Québec, PQ, PH: (514) 525-4097

Paroisse Saint-Robert, Eglise catho-

lique eucharistique, 310, de la Cour-
onne, Québec, PQ, PH: (514) 524-
8344

Service d'Entraide Homophile de

Québec, 260, rue des Franciscains,
Québec, PQ, G1R 1J1. PH: (418) 524-
8344

REGINA

Atropos Fellowship Society/Op-
yssey Club, Box 3414, Regina, SK,
S4P 3J8

ST-JEROME, PQ

Association des gaies des Laurents,
CP 272, St-Jérôme, PH: 372-5719

ST-JOHN'S

Community Homophile Assoc. of
NFLD(ICHAN), Box 613, Stn. C,
St. John's, N.F. A1C 3A8

SASKATOON

Gay Academic Union, Box 419, Sub
P. 6, Saskatoon, SK, S7N 0W0

Gay Community Centre, Box 1882,

Saskatoon, SK, S7K 3K8. 310-20th
St. E. 2nd floor, PH: (306) 862-0972

Gayline, 115, 1st Ave. S., Saskatoon,

PH: (306) 343-0653

Grasshopper, a group for Christian and

Jewish gay, PH: (306) 343-0653

Lesbian Caucus, Saskatoon

Wendland, P.O. Box 1119, PH: H3Z
1Y5. PH: (514) 937-9561

Stubble Juniper, 21-303

Queen's, Saskatoon, SK
Subcommittee on Gay Rights, c/o
Saskatchewan Association on
Human Rights, 311 20th St. W.,
Saskatoon, SK, S4N 0C1

SHERBROOKE

CHAL Exine, CP 3033 Succ.
Jacques-Cartier, Sherbrooke, PQ,
J1L 3Y1

THUNDER BAY

Northern Women's Centre, 316 Gay
St., Thunder Bay, ON, PH: (807) 345-
7802

TORONTO

Catalyst Press, 315 Bantley Ave.,
Scarborough, ON, M1N 2N6

Chatsworth Charitable Foundation,

2060 York St., Toronto, ON, M5B 1H8

Community Homophile Associa-

tion of Ontario (CHAO), 209 Grandby
St., Toronto, ON, M5B 1A6

Congregation B'nai Keshillah of

Gay Jews, c/o 6661 of Toronto
St., Toronto, ON, M4Y 1L5. Meet-
ings and Services every 2nd and 4th
Fridays of the month, 10:30-12:00
Friday (East/Center), for more in-
formation, call 923-GAYS

Dignity, Box 249, Stn. E, Toronto, ON,

M6H 4E2

Free Lesbians and Gays (FLAG), 277

Berkley St., Apt. 2, Toronto, ON,
M5S 2A5. PH: (416) 362-3636

Gay Academic Union, c/o Prof. John

A. Lee, Scarborough College, U of T,
West Hill, ON, M1C 1A4

Gay Alliance at York, c/o CYSF,

Central Square, Rm 105, York Univ.,
4700 Keele St., Downsview, ON,
M3J 1P3. PH: (416) 291-6866

Gay Alliance Toward Equality

(GATE), P.O. Box 156, Station P,
Toronto, ON, M5S 2V7. PH: (416)
964-0146

Gay Anarchists, c/o Ian Young, 315

Bantley Ave., Scarborough, ON,
M1N 2N6

Gay Community Calendar, 24-hour

recorded message, PH: (416) 923-
GAYS

Gay Community Services Centre,

29 Grandby St., Toronto, ON, M5B
1H8. Barretts and counselling line
(416) 364-8633. Drop-in, Monday
through Thursday, 7:30-10:30 P.M.

GAYS AT TORONTO (GAT), c/o SAC

Office, Hart House Circle,
University of Toronto, Toronto, ON,
M5S 1A5. PH: (416) 978-6664

Gay Academic Union, c/o Box

575, Station K, Toronto, ON,
M4P 2H1. PH: (416) 691-6069

Gay Academic Union, 20 Grandby St.,

Suite 101, (416) 368-5664. Meetings
at 519 Church St. Community
Centre at 7:30 on Tuesdays

Gay Academic Union, c/o Collier St. (at

Vong), Toronto, ON, M4W 1L7. PH:
(416) 961-6161

Harding, Gay Men's Drop-in, Tues,

12-6 P.M., Rm 214, Vanier Residence,
York University

Harding, Lesbian Drop-in, Wed, 3-5

P.M., 214 Vanier Residence, York
University

Hassle-Free Clinic, Q/Tisting and

Information, 2 Homewood Ave.,
Suite 131, Toronto, ON, PH: (416)
922-3323

Integrity, Gay Anglicans and their

friends, 20 Bantley St., Toronto, ON,
PH: (416) 923-4037. Meetings and
Holy Communion every second
Wednesday of each month, upstairs
chapel, Holy Trinity Church

Lesbian and Gay Trade Union

Group, P.O. Box 162, Station K,
Toronto, ON, M4P 2H5

Lesbian Organization of Toronto

(LOOT), 342 Jarvis St., Toronto, ON,
M4Y 2G6. PH: (416) 960-3249

Metropolitan Community Church,

Offices at 29 Grandby St., Toronto,
ON, M5B 1H8. PH: (416) 364-9799

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GOODBYE

THE Body Politic

HELLO

Body Politic

A MAGAZINE FOR GAY LIBERATION

Goodbye? Well at least partly.

Goodbye to that little, half-page size cover that used to get buried on the newsstands. Goodbye to only 32 pages per issue, crammed too full because that many simply wasn't enough. Goodbye to too little space, too limited exposure and too few chances to really show what fun gay liberation can be.

And hello to the new *Body Politic*.

Hello to big smashing covers that will knock your eyes out and will get people who've never noticed *TBP* before to pick it up and give it a try. Hello to hefty 48-page issues every month with plenty of room for exciting new features. Hello to "Out in the City," our new column on uncloseted urban survival; to "Between the Lines," incisive analyses of the gay movement and the media by Ken Popert, a man well acquainted with both; to more space, more vibrance and more freedom to show off the real beauty and strength of people everywhere who are out, gay and strong.

Hello or goodbye won't, of course, apply to everything. The familiar best of the old *TBP*

will be sticking around. *The Body Politic* will still be one of the sharpest, most respected gay newsmagazines available anywhere, with continuing coverage of the lives and work of lesbians and gay men across Canada and around the world. It will still be the place to find some of the best writing available on gay arts and letters, with reviews and feature articles covering

everything from heretofore ignored gay history to the latest in books, music and film. The mass media will still come under careful scrutiny in an even bigger "Monitor"; lesbians like Chris Bearchell will still hold forth in "Dykes" and Michael Riordon will keep right on "Flaunting It!" All like before — and, undoubtedly, like never before, too.

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